

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XIX.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

No. 4.

THE BATTLE ON SKATES.

BY EVA HUTCHISON.

THREE faces peered out of the window across the common to where the pond lay dark and calm in the clear moonlight. A number of people were skating upon its smooth surface.

The faces were wistful and disappointed ones, for the children longed to join the skaters, but mama had said they must stay in, because they had been out all day.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsted had gone to a wedding, and the children did not know how to pass this long, dreary evening.

Edith, the oldest, pouted and declared that it was mean; Walter was teasing the cat to relieve his injured feelings; while Mollie nestled up to Edith, lovingly, and was silent.

"Children, come here," called a soft voice. At the sound their faces brightened, and quickly they went to the sitting-room whence the voice proceeded. It was Aunt Ella who called. The jolliest aunt in the world—always ready for fun or a game, or even to tell a story,—she could fly a kite and shoot marbles 'most as well as a boy, invent new fashions for dolls, and run a race. She was, in the eyes of the children, a paragon, and to be adored.

She had been ill with headache during the day, and the children had been kept away from her; but now they eagerly rushed into the room. She sat in an easy-chair by the grate, and the glowing bed of coals threw a dim light into the room—half redeeming it from darkness. After they had greeted her, she said:

"What is the matter, Edith? You are so quiet. Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, I'm well. But mama won't let us go out. The other girls are going and we can't. The ice is just right, too." The tone in which Edith spoke betrayed how near she was to tears.

"I'm sure mama is right, dear," said Aunt Ella. "Hear how the wind blows. It is very cold, and while this weather lasts you will have plenty of such fun. What are you going to do this evening, while your mother is away?"

"Nothing," came the answer in a disconsolate voice.

"Then, listen; I have a story to tell you. Just sit down near the fire and I will begin."

"Let it be a truly story, Auntie," pleaded Mollie.

"Yes, dear."

Quickly they prepared to listen. Mollie, be-

cause she was the youngest, crept into Aunt Ella's lap; Edith nestled by her side on an ottoman, and Walter, stretched full length upon the hearth-rug, stared intently into the fire. Surveying the expectant trio, Aunt Ella began:

Once upon a time King Philip of Spain went to war with Holland. You know where Holland is, don't you? It is a small country in Europe, somewhat north of Germany. You

capture Haarlem. The city was almost surrounded by water, then frozen over, as it was winter. There were a few ships lying near Haarlem, but they were held fast by the ice, and might easily have been captured had not the sailors dug a trench all around them, and fortified them against the enemy.

As soon as Don Frederick arrived, he sent a body of soldiers to attack the ships. The soldiers marched out to the vessels, but as they



CHARGE OF THE DUTCH SOLDIERS ON SKATES.

remember the story, how a brave boy stopped a leak in the dike in this same place; you know, too, that the country is lower than the sea-level and there have to be big walls, called dikes, to keep the water from sweeping over the land. This fight was a desperate one, for King Philip was so eager to subdue the country that he waged the war with all the means at his command. He sent to Holland, as his commander-in-chief, the Duke of Alva, a Spanish nobleman and a famous general. After the war had been going on a long time and many towns had been seized, the Duke saw that if he could take Amsterdam he could easily overcome the rest of Holland,—but between Amsterdam and the King's forces lay the city of Haarlem.

The Duke sent his son Don Frederick to

came near a body of armed men on skates sprang from the trench.

The Hollanders were used to skating from their very babyhood, for in winter the canals and sea were frozen for miles around, and everybody skated. Not only did they skate for fun, but to market, and their daily business, just as easily and far more quickly than they could walk. They used to have games and sham battles on the ice, so that when there was need for real fighting, they knew what to do.

But the Spaniards lived in a southern country where there is little ice, and they never went sliding or skating. When they saw the Hollanders dart out at them, their feet shod with steel, appearing almost to fly in the air, they thought the enemy must be aided by witchcraft! They

were tempted to run, such was their amazement and terror.

However, when the bullets came flying among them, they tried to pick up their courage and fight. But their efforts were feeble, for, unable to keep their footing on the slippery surface, they would stumble and fall, while the Hollanders would glide by unharmed and send their bullets to the mark.

The Hollanders were victorious; and, when they drove the Spaniards off the ice, several hundred of the enemy lay dead, while the conquerors scarcely suffered any loss. When the Duke heard of this defeat he was much surprised, and decided that he would not be beaten again in that way.

So he ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, and commanded all the soldiers to learn to skate. They had fun while learning, but not long afterward were able to handle their weapons on ice as boldly as the Hollanders. But they had little occasion to make use of this new accomplishment, for a sudden thaw and flood made it possible for the ships to sail away, and the sailors' brave spirits were much cheered by the sudden frost that followed and rendered them safe from naval attack for a time.

The Spaniards soon after captured Haarlem, but they had to fight hard to take it, for the city was well fortified and the people brave.



Reluctantly the children marched off to bed, and in their dreams that night saw strange visions in which ice, skates, ships, Spaniards and Hollanders mingled in the wildest confusion.



THE SPANIARDS LEARNING TO SKATE

THE ADMIRAL'S CARAVAN.

BY CHARLES E. CARRYL.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

CHAPTER V.

BOB SCARLET'S GARDEN.

BEING in a garden full of flowers at Christmas-time is a very fine thing; and Dorothy was looking about with great delight, and wondering how it had all happened, when she suddenly caught sight of a big robin walking along one of the paths, and examining the various plants with an air of great interest. He was a very big robin, indeed—in fact, he was about as large as a goose, and he had on a gar-

markable thing about him was that he was walking about *with his hands in his waistcoat-pockets*.

Dorothy had never seen a robin do this before, and she was looking at him in great astonishment, when he chanced to turn around to take a particular look at a large flower, and she saw that he had two caterpillars embroidered on the back of his waistcoat forming the letters B. S.

"Now I wonder what B. S. means," she said to herself with her usual curiosity. "It *stands* for Brown Sugar, but of course it can't be that. Perhaps it means Best Suit, or Bird Superintendent, or—or—why it must mean



"THE ROBIN WAS WALKING ABOUT WITH HIS HANDS IN HIS WAISTCOAT-POCKETS."

den's hat, and a bright red waistcoat which he was wearing unbuttoned so as to give his fat little chest plenty of room; but the most re-

Bob Scarlet, to be sure!" and clapping her hands in the joy of this discovery, she ran after the Robin to take a nearer look at him.

But Bob Scarlet proved to be a very difficult person to get near to. Over and over again Dorothy caught sight of the top of his hat beyond a hedge, or saw the red waistcoat through the bushes; but no matter how quickly she stole around to the spot, he was always gone before she got there, and she would see the hat or the waistcoat far away in another part of the garden, and would hurry after him only to be disappointed as before. She was getting very tired of this, and was walking around rather disconsolately, when she happened to look at one of the plants and discovered that little sunbonnets were growing on it in great profusion, like white lilies; and this was such a delightful discovery that she instantly forgot all about Bob Scarlet, and she started away in great excitement to examine the other plants.

There was a great variety of them, and they

all were of the same curious character. Besides the bonnet-bush, there were plants loaded down with little pinafores, and shrubs with small shoes growing all over them, like peas, and delicate vines of thread with button blossoms on them, and, what particularly pleased Dorothy, a row of pots marked "FROCK FLOWERS," and each containing a stalk with a crisp little frock growing on it, like a big tulip upside down.

"They're only big enough for dolls," chattered Dorothy, as she hurried from one to the other; "but, of course, they'll grow. I s'pose it's what they call a nursery-garden. Just

fancy—" she exclaimed, stopping short and clasping her hands in a rapture, "just fancy going out to pick an apronful of delightful new stockings, or running out every day to see if your best frock is ripe yet!" And I'm sure I don't know what she would have said next, but just at this moment she caught sight of a paper lying in the path before her, and, of course, immediately became interested in *that*.

It was folded something like a lawyer's docu-



"THERE WERE PLANTS LOADED DOWN WITH LITTLE PINAFORES, AND SHRUBS WITH SMALL SHOES GROWING ALL OVER THEM."

ment, and was very neatly marked in red ink "MEMORUMDRUMS"; and after looking at it curiously for a moment, Dorothy said to herself, "It's prob'ly a wash-list; nothing but two aprons, and four HDKeffs, and ten towels—there's always such a *lot* of towels, you know," and here she picked up the paper; but instead of being a wash-list, she found it contained these verses:

*Have Angleworms attractive homes?
Do Bumblebees have brains?
Do Caterpillars carry combs?
Do Ducks dismantle drains?*

Can Eels elude elastic ears?
Do Flatfish fish for flats?
Are Grigs agreeable to girls?
Do Hares have hunting-hats?
Do Ices make an Ibex ill?
Do Jackdaws jug their jam?
Do Kites kiss all the kids they kill?
Do Llamas live on lamb?
Will Moles molest a mounted mink?
Do Newts deny the news?
Are Oysters boisterous when they drink?
Do Parrots prowls in pews?
Do Quakers get their quills from quails?
Do Rabbits rob on roads?
Are Snakes supposed to sneer at snails?
Do Tortoises tease toads?
Can Unicorns perform on horns?
Do Vipers value veal?
Do Weasels weep when fast asleep?
Can Xylophagans squeal?
Do Yaks in packs invite attacks?
Are Zebras full of zeal?
P. S. Shake well and recite every
morning in a shady place.

"I don't believe a single one of them, and I never read such stuff!" exclaimed Dorothy, indignantly; and she was just about to throw down the paper when Bob Scarlet suddenly appeared, hurrying along the path, and gazing anxiously from side to side as if he had lost something. As he came upon Dorothy, he started violently, and said "Shoo!" with great vehemence, and then, after staring at her a moment, added, "Oh, I beg your pardon—I thought you were a cat. Have you seen anything of my exercise?"

"Is this it?" said Dorothy, holding up the paper.

"That 's it," said the Robin, in a tone of great satisfaction. "Shake it hard, please."

Dorothy gave the paper a good shake, after which Bob Scarlet took it and stuffed it into his waistcoat-pocket, remarking, "It has to be well shaken before I take it, you know."

"Is that the prescription?" said Dorothy, beginning to laugh.

"No, it 's the postscript," replied the Robin, very seriously; "but, somehow, I never remember it till I come to it. I suppose it 's

put at the end so that I won't forget it the next time. You see, it 's about the only exercise I have."

"I should think it was very good exercise," said Dorothy, trying to look serious again.

"Oh, it 's *good* enough, what there is of it," said the Robin, in an off-hand way.

"But I 'm sure there 's *enough* of it," said Dorothy.

"There *is* enough of it, such as it is," replied the Robin.

"Such as it is?" repeated Dorothy, beginning to feel a little perplexed. "Why it 's *hard* enough, I 'm sure. It 's enough to drive a person quite distracted."

"Well, it 's a corker till you get used to it," said the Robin, strutting about. "There 's such a tremendous variety to it, you see, that it exercises you all over at once."

This was so ridiculous that Dorothy laughed outright. "I should *never* get used to it," she said. "I don't believe I know a single one of the answers."

"I do!" said Bob Scarlet proudly; "I know 'em all. It 's 'No' to everything in it."

"Dear me!" said Dorothy, feeling quite provoked at herself, "of course it is. I never thought of that."

"And when you can answer *them*," continued the Robin, with a very important air, "you can answer anything."

Now, as the Robin said this, it suddenly occurred to Dorothy that she had been lost for quite a long time, and that this was a good opportunity for getting a little information, so she said very politely: "Then I wish you 'd please tell me where I am."

"Why, you 're *here*," replied the Robin promptly. "That 's what I call an easy one."

"But *where* is it?" said Dorothy.

"Where is *what*?" said the Robin, looking rather puzzled.

"Why, the place where I am," said Dorothy.

"That 's here, too," replied the Robin, and then, looking at her suspiciously, he added, "Come—no chaffing, you know. I won't have it."

"But I 'm *not* chaffing," said Dorothy, beginning to feel a little provoked; "it 's only because you twist the things I say the wrong way."

"What do you say 'em the wrong way for,



"WHERE IS THE PLACE WHERE I AM?" SAID DOROTHY.

then?" said Bob Scarlet irritably. "Why don't you get 'em straight?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed Dorothy, now quite out of patience.

"How dreadfully confusing it all is! Don't you understand—I only want to know where the place is where I am now,—whereabouts in the geography, I mean," she added in desperation.

"It is n't in there at all," said Bob Scarlet very decidedly. "There is n't a geography going that could hold on to it for five minutes."

"Do you mean that it is n't *anywhere*?" exclaimed Dorothy, beginning to feel a little frightened.

"No, I don't," said Bob Scarlet obstinately. "I mean that it *is* anywhere—anywhere that it chooses to be, you know; only it does n't *stay* anywhere any longer than it likes."

"Then I'm going away," said Dorothy hastily. "I won't stay in such a place."

"Well, you'd better be quick about it," said the Robin with a chuckle, "or there won't be any place to go away *from*. I can feel it beginning to go now," and with this remark Bob Scarlet himself hurried away. There was something so alarming in the idea of a place going away and leaving her behind that Dorothy started off at once as fast as she could run, and indeed she was n't a moment too soon. The

garden itself was already beginning to be very much agitated, and the clothes on the plants were folding themselves up in a fluttering sort of a way as she ran past them; and she noticed, moreover, that the little shoes on the shoe-shrub were so withered away that they looked like a lot of raisins. But she had no time to stop and look at such things, and she ran on until she had left the garden far behind.



"DOROTHY STARTED OFF AT ONCE, AS HARD AS SHE COULD RUN."

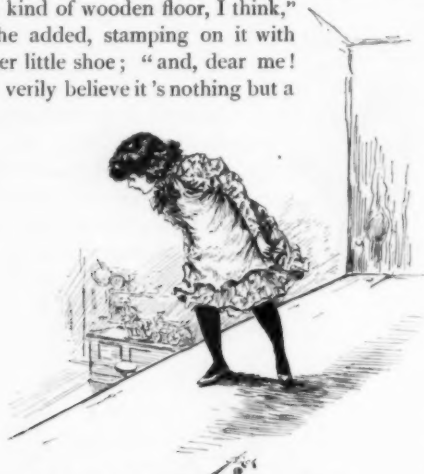
CHAPTER VI.

IN THE TOY-SHOP.

DOROTHY was just drawing a long breath over her narrow escape, when she discovered the braided floor of the garden floating away far above her head with the trunks of the trees dangling from it like one-legged trousers. This was rather a ridiculous spectacle, and when the floor presently shriveled up and then went out of sight altogether, she said, "Pooh!" very contemptuously and felt quite brave again.

"It was n't half so solemn as I expected," she went on, chattering to herself; "I certainly thought there would be all kinds of phenome-

ners, and after all it's precisely like nothing but an old basket blowing away. But it's just as well to be saved, of course, only I don't know where I am any more than I did before. It's a kind of wooden floor, I think," she added, stamping on it with her little shoe; "and, dear me! I verily believe it's nothing but a



"IT IS A SHELF! SHE EXCLAIMED."

shelf. It is a shelf!" she exclaimed, peeping cautiously over the edge; "and there's the real floor ever so far away. I can never jump down there in the world without being dashed to destruction!"—and she was just thinking how it would do to hang from the edge of the shelf by her hands and then let herself drop (with her eyes shut, of course), when a little party of people came tumbling down through the air and fell in a heap close beside her. She gave a scream of dismay and then stood staring at them in utter bewilderment, for, as the party scrambled to their feet she saw they were the Caravan, dressed up in the most extraordinary fashion, in little frocks and long shawls, and all wearing sunbonnets. The Highlander, with his usual bad luck, had put on *his* sunbonnet backward, with the crown over his face, and was struggling with it so helplessly that Dorothy rushed at him and got it off just in time to save him from being

suffocated. In fact, he was so black in the face that she had to pound him on the back to bring him to.

"We're disguised, you know," said the Admiral, breathlessly. "We found these things under the bed. Bob Scarlet is n't anywhere about, is he?" he added, staring around in an agitated manner through his spy-glass.

"About?" said Dorothy, trying to look serious. "I should think he was about five miles from here by this time."

"I wish it was five thousand," exclaimed Sir Walter, angrily, smoothing down his frock. "Old Peckjabber!"

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" said Dorothy, beginning to laugh in spite of herself.

"Matter!" exclaimed the Admiral, with his voice trembling with emotion. "Why, look here! We were all shrinking away to nothing in that wanishing garden. Bob Scarlet himself was no bigger than an ant when we came away."

"And we was n't any bigger than uncles," put in the Highlander.



"DOROTHY GOT THE SUNBONNET OFF JUST IN TIME TO SAVE THE HIGHLANDER FROM BEING SUFFOCATED."

"You're not more than three inches high this minute," said Sir Walter, surveying Dorothy with a critical air.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Dorothy, with a start. "It seems to me that 's extremely small. I should think I 'd have felt it coming on."

"It comes on sort of sneaking, and you don't notice it," said the Admiral. "*We 'd* have been completely invisible by this time if we had n't jumped overboard."

"It was an awful jump!" said Dorothy, solemnly. "Did n't it hurt to fall so far?"

"Not at all," said the Admiral, cheerfully. "The falling part of it was quite agreeable—so cool and rushing, you know; but the landing was tremendous severe."

"Banged us like anything," explained the Highlander; and with this the Caravan locked arms and walked away with the tails of their shawls trailing behind them.

"What strange little things they are!" said Dorothy, reflectively, as she walked along after them, "and they 're for all the world precisely like arimated dolls—movable, you know," she added, not feeling quite sure that "arimated" was the proper word,— "and speaking of dolls, here 's a perfect multitude of 'em!" she exclaimed, for just then she came upon a long row of dolls beautifully dressed, and standing on their heels with their heads against the wall. They were at least five times as big as Dorothy herself, and had price-tickets tucked into their sashes, such as "2/6, CHEAP," "5s., REAL WAX," and so on; and Dorothy, clapping her hands in an ecstasy of delight, exclaimed: "Why, it 's a monstrous, enormous toy-shop!" and then she hurried on to see what else there might be on exhibition.

"Marbles, prob'bly," she remarked, peering over the edge of a basket full of what looked like enormous stone cannon-balls of various colors; "for mastodons, I should say, only I don't know as *they* ever play marbles,—grocery shop, full of dear little drawers with real knobs on 'em, 'pothecary's shop with *true* pill-boxes," she went on, examining one delightful thing after another; "and here 's a farm out of a box, with the trees and the family exactly the same size, as usual, and oh! here 's a Noah's Ark full of higgledy-piggledy animals—why, what are you doing here?" she exclaimed, for the Caravan were huddled together at the door of the

ark, apparently discussing something of vast importance.

"We 're buying a camel," said the Admiral, excitedly; "they 've got just the one we want for the Caravan."

"His name is Humphrey," shouted the Highlander uproariously, "and he 's got three humps!"

"Nonsense!" cried Dorothy, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "There never was such a thing."

"They have 'em in arks," said the Admiral very earnestly. "You can find *anything* in arks if you only go deep enough. I 've seen 'em with patriarchs in 'em, 'way down at the bottom."

"Did *they* have any humps?" inquired the Highlander with an air of great interest.

Dorothy went off again into a burst of laughter at this. "He 's the most ignorant creature I ever saw!" she said to herself.

"I thought they was something to ride on," said the Highlander sulkily; "otherwise, I say, let 'em keep out of arks!" The rest of the Caravan evidently sided with him in this opinion, and after staring at Dorothy for a moment with great disfavor they all called out, "Old Proudie!" and solemnly walked off in a row as before.

"I believe I shall have a fit if I meet them again," said Dorothy to herself, laughing till her eyes were full of tears. "They 're certainly the foolishhest things I ever saw," and with this she walked away through the shop.

"How much are you a dozen?" said a voice, and Dorothy, looking around, saw that it was a Dancing-Jack in the shop-window speaking to her. He was a gorgeous creature with bells on the seams of his clothes and with arms and legs of different colors, and he was lounging in an easy attitude with his right leg thrown over the top of a toy livery-stable and his left foot in a large ornamental tea-cup; but as he was fastened to a hook by a loop in the top of his hat, Dorothy did n't feel in the least afraid of him.

"Thank you," she replied with much dignity. "I 'm not a dozen at all. I 'm a single person. That sounds kind of unmarried," she thought to herself, "but it 's the exact truth."

"No offense, I hope," said the Jack, looking somewhat abashed.

"No — not exactly," said Dorothy rather stiffly.

"You know, your size *does* come in dozens — assorted," continued the Jack with quite a professional air. "Family of nine, two maids with dusters, and cook with removable apron. Very popular, I believe."

"So I should think," remarked Dorothy, beginning to recover her good nature.

"But of course *singles* are much more select," said the Jack. "*We* never come in dozens, you know."

"I suppose not," said Dorothy innocently. "I can't imagine anybody wanting twelve Dancing-Jacks all at the same time."

"It would n't do any good if they did want 'em," said the Jack. "They could n't get 'em, — that is, not in *this* shop."

Now, while this conversation was going on, Dorothy noticed that the various things in the shop-window had a curious way of constantly

was hanging in one corner of the window, just in the act of quietly turning into a battledore with a red morocco handle. This struck her as being such a remarkable performance that she immediately began looking at one thing after another, and watching the various changes, until she was quite bewildered.

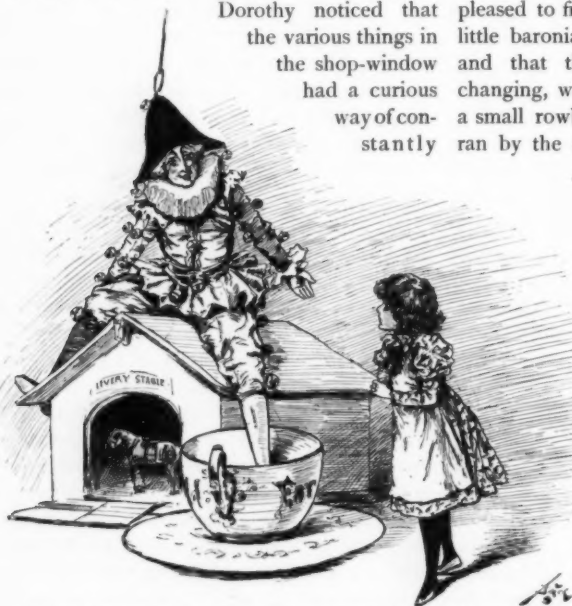
"It's something like a Christmas pantomime," she said to herself; "and it is n't the slightest use, you know, trying to fancy what anything's going to be, because everything that happens is so unprolesome. I don't know where I got *that* word from," she went on, "but it seems to express exactly what I mean. F'r instance, there's a little cradle that's just been turned into a coal-scuttle, and if *that* is n't unprolesome, well then — never mind!" (which, as you know, is a ridiculous way little girls have of finishing their sentences).

By this time she had got around again to the toy livery-stable, and she was extremely pleased to find that it had turned into a smart little baronial castle with a turret at each end, and that the ornamental tea-cup was just changing, with a good deal of a flourish, into a small rowboat floating in a little stream that ran by the castle walls.

"Come, *that's* the finest thing yet!" exclaimed Dorothy, looking at all this with great admiration; "and I wish a brazen knight would come out with a trumpet and blow a blast" — you see, she was quite romantic at times — and she was just admiring the clever way in which the boat was getting rid of the handle of the tea-cup, when the Dancing-Jack suddenly stopped talking, and began scrambling over the roof of the castle. He was extremely pale, and, to Dorothy's alarm, spots of bright colors were coming out

all over him, as if he had been made of stained glass, and was being lighted up from the inside.

"I believe I'm going to turn into something," he said, glaring wildly about, and speaking in a very agitated voice.



"'YOU KNOW YOUR SIZE DOES COME IN DOZENS,' CONTINUED THE JACK."

turning into something else. She discovered this by seeing a little bunch of yellow peg-tops change into a plateful of pears while she chanced to be looking at them; and a moment afterward she caught a doll's saucepan, that

"Goodness!" exclaimed Dorothy in dismay. "What do you suppose it 's going to be?"

"I think," said the Jack solemnly, "I think it's going to be a patch-work quilt," but just as he was finishing this remark a sort of wriggle passed through him, and, to Dorothy's amazement, he turned into a slender Harlequin all made up of spangles and shining triangles.

Now this was all very well, and of course much better than turning into a quilt of any sort, but as the Dancing-Jack's last remark went on without stopping, and was taken charge of, so to speak, and finished by the Harlequin, it mixed up the two in a very confusing way. In fact, by the time the remark came to an end, Dorothy did n't really know which of them was talking to her, and, to make matters worse, the Harlequin vanished for a moment and then reappeared, about one half of his original size, coming out of the door of the castle with an unconcerned air as if he had n't had anything to do with the affair.

"It 's dreadfully confusing," said Dorothy

to herself, "not to know which of two people is talking to you, 'specially when there 's really only one of them here," but she never had a chance to ask any questions about the matter, for in the mean time a part of the castle had quietly turned upside down, and was now a



"THE HARLEQUIN SAILED AWAY UNDER THE BRIDGE."

little stone bridge with the stream flowing beneath it, and the Harlequin, stepping into the boat, sailed away under the bridge and disappeared.

(To be continued.)



Valentine

By Elizabeth J. Gould.

My heart, dear Goldilocks, Though certainly 't is small,
Within this paper box Yet 't is my little all,
You will find: Bear in mind.



HISTORIC DWARFS.

BY MARY SHEARS ROBERTS.

I. SIR JEFFREY HUDSON.



HARLES I. was to marry the young and beautiful Henrietta Maria of France. When she came to England there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom. Bells rang merrily, bonfires blazed, and the people shouted themselves hoarse.

Perhaps the finest of the many feasts given in honor of the royal couple was at Burleigh, in Rutlandshire, the home of the Duke of Buckingham. The fair Henrietta had a fancy for dwarfs, and, as everybody at that time was striving to please her Majesty, the Duke concluded to offer her a certain little manikin of his own, named Jeffrey Hudson. This mite became celebrated, and was the hero of so many adventures by sea and by land that the story of his life reads more like romance than like history.

Queerly enough, he was born in Rutlandshire, the smallest county of England, in 1619. Little is known of his babyhood. His mother was tall, and his father must have been a robust man, for he was a drover in the service of George, Duke of Buckingham.

When Jeffrey was seven or eight years old, he was presented by his father to the Duchess. He was well formed and good-looking, although he was only eighteen inches tall. He remained at this height from his eighth to his thirtieth year, after which he grew again, reaching three feet and six inches, and never exceeded that.

The Duchess ordered his patched and well-worn clothes to be removed, arrayed his little

person in silk and satin, and appointed two tall serving-men to attend on him.

Here is a story of one of his adventures while living with her Grace, though the quaint terms of the period have been changed. An old woman, having invited a few of her cronies to dinner, some practical jokers who had stolen her cat dressed Jeffrey in a cat's skin and conveyed him into the room. When the feast was nearly over and cheese set upon the table, one of the guests offered the pretended cat a bit. "Grimalkin can help himself when he is hungry," said the dwarf, and then nimbly ran down-stairs. The women all started up in the greatest confusion and clamor imaginable, crying out "A witch, a witch with her talking cat!" But the joke was soon after found out; otherwise the poor woman might have suffered.

A magnificent feast had been prepared at Burleigh in honor of the King and Queen, and it was arranged that the little dwarf should step from a huge venison pasty into her Majesty's service. This mode of appearance was not new even then. A pie with a dwarf inside was thought a "dainty dish to set before a king," and a gift of this kind was often a road to the sovereign's favor.

On the day of the dinner, Jeffrey found himself imprisoned in a large dish surrounded by a high wall of standing crust. Of course a way had been found to give him air, but he afterward said he felt buried alive. To add to his discomfort, Buckingham slyly ordered the pie to be warmed, saying, "It were better eaten warm than cold."

Young Jeffrey remained quiet and said never a word as the dish was carried to the kitchen;

but he was far from happy, and thought of Nebuchadnezzar and the fiery furnace until he grew "warm with apprehension." The cook, however, understood the joke, and the dwarf-pie was placed in safety on the royal table. At last came the fateful time—the crowning moment of Jeffrey's life. The pie was opened, the trumpet sounded, and forth sprang the dwarf! He was clad in a full suit of armor and skipped about the table, shaking his little sword at some of the guests; and, remembering the scorching the Duke had threatened for him, he gave a vicious little tweak at his Grace's noble nose. Buckingham drew back in time to save his handsome face and threatened to cudgel the young knave with a chicken-bone; but the King laughed and said Buckingham was served quite right.

By this time Jeffrey was nearly deafened with applause, and half drowned in the perfumes the ladies sprinkled upon him, so he hastened to end the scene by prostrating himself before the Queen's plate and entreating to be taken into her service.

His request was readily granted, for her Majesty was much diverted by his odd performances. Although she already had two other dwarfs, one named Richard and the other Anne Gibson, Jeffrey was taken back to court, where he was made much of by Queen Henrietta and the court ladies. He was as brave and true-hearted a little knight as ever wore spurs, and proved a trusty messenger on many occasions.

Through all the trouble that afterward came to the royal couple the dwarf remained loyal to the King and his beloved Queen; but the little fellow could not stand prosperity, and his sudden rise in the world had filled his small head with queer vanity and foolish fancies.

One day, in frolicsome mood, the King was persuaded to confer the order of knighthood upon the manikin. How his little heart must have throbbed with pride when, kneeling on a velvet cushion at the feet of his sovereign, he felt the sword laid gently across his shoulders and heard the royal voice say, "Arise, Sir Jeffrey Hudson!"

Being so much indulged, Sir Jeffrey altogether forgot his humble birth, and when his father came to see him he refused to recognize the

drover, for which, by the King's command, the ungrateful son was very soundly and very properly whipped.

By this time Jeffrey was high in the favor of Queen Henrietta, and afforded her so much amusement by his odd speeches that he became a privileged character.

But even in these prosperous days Sir Jeffrey had his troubles. His pathway through the royal household was not altogether without thorns. The domestics and nobles took great pleasure in teasing the fiery-tempered midget, and truth compels me to state that he was quick to take offense and of quarrelsome disposition. The Queen had a pet monkey with which Jeffrey was on very friendly terms; but often, when the two were seen together, such jokes and comparisons were made as would drive young Hudson into a frenzy of rage.

The King's gigantic porter, William Evans, was another thorn in Jeffrey's flesh, and a very big thorn, too. Evans was truly a giant, measuring seven and a half feet in height. Jeffrey and he could never meet without squabbling, and indeed the very sight of this ill-assorted pair standing side by side was enough to occasion remarks that made Jeffrey's blood boil.

One evening, when a merry-making or masking-frolic was going on at the palace, the giant and the dwarf happened to meet. As usual, an angry quarrel took place. Evans began to tease his tiny rival by allusions to pies, venison-pasties, and the like, and, in the style of the well-known Goliath of Gath, when deriding David, cast reflections upon Hudson's diminutive size. Jeffrey, though extremely angry, tried to preserve his dignity. With a very red face he strutted up to the giant, whose knee was about on a level with the dwarf's head, and said with an angry stamp:

"Peradventure, my friend, you have never sufficiently considered that the wren is made by the same hand that formed the bustard, and that the diamond, though small in size, outvalues ten thousand times the granite!"

At this sally Evans's mighty lungs thundered forth a peal of laughter that drowned the shouts of the courtiers, and snatching up the valiant knight he thrust him into one of his huge pockets. Holding an immense hand over the



SIR JEFFREY HUDSON. FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING. "HE WAS NOT MORE THAN EIGHTEEN INCHES IN HEIGHT UNTIL HIS THIRTIETH YEAR, AFTER WHICH HE GREW TO BE THREE FEET AND SIX INCHES TALL, BUT NEVER EXCEEDED THAT."

midget to prevent his escaping, Evans proceeded to take his place in the pageant, where he was to perform a dance. When this was finished he drew from his pocket a big loaf of

bread which he broke in two, and then from the other pocket he took the squirming Jeffrey, placed him between the half-loaves as if he were the slice of meat that goes to make up a

sandwich, and intimated that the King's giant would lunch upon the Queen's dwarf.

The surprise and mirth of the spectators were gall and wormwood to poor Jeffrey, whose little feet could be seen kicking furiously in all directions from the sides of the loaf.

While I am telling of the giant, I will take time to say that in Newgate street, London, fixed in the front of a house, is a stone carving in low relief representing these two remarkable persons. The tablet has remained there for more than two hundred years, and bears the words

M. P. A.

THE KING'S PORTER AND DWARF.

The letters M. P. A. are supposed to be the initials of the builder.

About this time Jeffrey was sent by the Queen on a mission to France. He was to bring back with him a French servant, and, according to a letter written by her Majesty to a certain Madame St. George, she was in need of "a dozen pairs of sweet chamois gloves, one of doeskin, and the rules of any species of game then in vogue." She also asked that a French tailor be sent over, "if only to make her some petticoat bodices."

Here was an errand for our hero! A little man a foot and a half high was selected to go to France and escort back to England a servant and a tailor, to say nothing of gloves and games!

Sir Jeffrey arrived safely at the French court, where he became an object of great admiration and received presents for himself to the value of some twelve thousand dollars. He attended faithfully to the business of the Queen, and in due time was ready to return with the servant, the gloves, and a French dancing-master in place of the tailor. He had in his keeping, too, many rich gifts from Marie de Medicis, the French queen and mother of Henrietta, to her daughter in England.

The voyage home proved unlucky. The vessel in which he embarked with all this treasure was old and small, scarcely fit to contend with the rough waves of the Channel. They had not proceeded far when a Dunkirk privateer bore down upon them; and as the frail little

French craft could not offer the slightest resistance to an armed vessel, she was soon boarded by the pirates. They were no respecters of persons, but captured Sir Jeffrey, the servant, and the dancing-master, and robbed them of all they had; whereby the unhappy dwarf lost not only his mistress's presents, but his own as well.

I am afraid none of the captives behaved very bravely. The doughty knight was found hidden behind an enormous candlestick, and the French dancing-master was easily persuaded to put on one of her Majesty's "petticoat bodices" and do a French step for the amusement of the pirate crew. Jeffrey, with the rest of his party, was held a prisoner at Dunkirk for some little time.

Here it was that our hero fought his famous battle with a turkey-cock, which recalls the celebrated combats between the pygmies and the cranes told about by Homer. It is said, though it is a big story, that a turkey-cock encountered the knight in one of his walks, and tried to swallow him as if he were a grain of wheat.

After a gallant struggle the dwarf was almost beaten, but, the servant appearing at a lucky moment, he called to her for help, and she soon saved him from the beak and claws of the fierce enemy.

Several years after this Sir William D'Avenant was appointed poet laureate and printed a stately epic poem called "Jeffreidos," in which he holds up to ridicule the events of the dwarf's trying journey:

For Jeffrey strait was throwne; whilst faint and weak
The cruel foe assaults him with his beake.

Sir Jeffrey lost none of the Queen's favor by his misfortunes; his liberty was bought from the pirates, and he was sent on another mission across the Channel. Again he was taken prisoner by pirates, this time by Turks, and was carried off to Barbary, where he was sold as a slave. He was taken to Morocco, where, according to his own account, he was exposed to many hardships, and set to cruel labor; but the officers of the garrison stationed at Tangiers told a different tale, and asserted that it took the dusky Moors a long time to invent an employment for the tiny slave.

Again a ransom was paid, and after many mishaps he reached his native shores, to find England engaged in civil war, and his beloved King and Queen in dire distress.

Jeffrey immediately took up the King's cause, and was made a captain of horse in the royal army, a capacity in which he must have been a very comical figure. Once, when the dashing Prince Rupert made a sudden charge on a troop of the Roundheads near Newbury, Jeffrey and his band joined in the assault. The Royalists were driven back; but Jeffrey declared the victory would have been sure if he had been better mounted. He complained that he was seated on a long-legged brute of a horse and that his sword was too short. At all events, our tiny knight and Prince Rupert were forced to beat a hasty retreat, while the victorious Puritans set up a cry of "There go Prince Robin and Cock Robin!"

By this time Henrietta, the queen, whom all England had been striving to please but a few years before, had become even more unpopular than her unfortunate husband. She was a stanch opponent of the Puritans, and she had incensed the members of Parliament by trying to raise money to provide the King with means of defense. On her return from Holland, whither she had gone to sell her jewels, Queen Henrietta went to Bath in hopes of finding relief from a severe attack of rheumatic fever. But war had left its traces on that beautiful western city. The place was full of soldiers, and the Queen was forced to push on to Exeter, one of the few towns which still remained loyal. She was there greeted with tender messages from her husband, but her sufferings increased; and in less than two weeks the Earl of Essex advanced to besiege the city. Hearing that his lordship had set a price upon her head, she summoned sufficient resolution to leave her sick-bed, and with three faithful attendants hid herself in the woods between Exeter and Plymouth. A few of her ladies and officers, in various disguises, stole out of the town and joined her; among these was the valiant Jeffrey. For two days the faithful dwarf kept watch while the Queen lay hidden in a miserable little hut under a heap of rubbish, suffering from cold and hunger. She heard the enemy's soldiers pass by her retreat,

exclaiming that they would carry the head of Henrietta to London, where Parliament had offered for her death a reward of fifty thousand crowns.

As soon as the troops had passed, she left her hiding-place, and, accompanied by Jeffrey and a few other officers and attendants, made her way to Pendennis Castle. The Queen suffered greatly on the road, but at last reached the royal fortress on the 29th of June, 1644.

A friendly Dutch vessel was in the bay. In this the party set sail; but before they reached the shores of France a cruiser in the service of Parliament gave chase and fired on them several times. Sir Jeffrey was again in danger of being taken prisoner, but this time he escaped, although one shot hit the Queen's bark, and all gave themselves up for lost. In the nick of time, a French fleet hove in sight and hastened to their rescue. The party finally landed at a wild and rocky cove near Brest.

For a time Henrietta's French relatives generously gave her money; and, wishing to be near the baths at Bourbon, the poor Queen made her residence at an old palace in the city of Nevers. Next the château was an extensive park, and there was fought a famous duel between Sir Jeffrey and Mr. Crofts, a member of the Queen's household.

When his royal mistress was in greatest danger, the manikin had shown himself quite as brave as many of her cavaliers and much more useful; and ever since her escape from Exeter he had assumed an air of great importance that was highly amusing to the Queen's attendants. His temper had not improved by time, and he used to grow frantic with rage at any one who attempted to jest with him or tease him.

Accordingly, he announced with great dignity that he would challenge to mortal combat the first person who should allude to battles with turkey-cocks, or mention venison-pasties, or who should insult him in any way. This, of course, gave promise of great fun to his tormentors, and Mr. Crofts lost no time in finding an opportunity to quote a part of Sir William D'Avenant's poem, "Jeffreidos," before the knight and other members of the royal household.

Jeffrey was furious, and nothing but a duel

would heal his wounded honor. It was settled that Crofts and the dwarf were to meet on horseback, in order that Jeffrey might be more nearly on a level with his adversary, and they were to fight with pistols.

Jeffrey carefully armed himself for the fray; but Crofts, who looked upon the whole affair as a joke, took with him nothing but a large squirt-gun, thinking to put out both his small opponent and the priming of his pistol by a generous shower of water. The angry Jeffrey, however, was a skilful horseman and an accurate shot. He managed his steed with such dexterity that he avoided the shower aimed at him and killed Crofts with a shot from his pistol.

Great was the excitement at the palace when the news was told. The duel brought Queen Henrietta a great deal of trouble and proved the ruin of Jeffrey. In order to save his head, Henrietta wrote to Anne of Austria, Queen Regent of France, asking her to pardon the dwarf, and she also sent the following letter to the prime minister, Cardinal Mazarin:

MON COUSIN: I have written to the queen, madame my sister, on the misfortune which has happened in my house. Le Joffroy has killed the brother of Crofts. I have written to the commandeur the whole affair for your information; and what I wish is, that both one and the other being English and my domestics, the queen, my sister, will give me power to do justice or pardon as I would. This I would not do without writing to you, and praying you to aid me herein, as I ever do in all that concerns me, according to my profession of being, as I am, my cousin,

Your very affectionate cousin,

HENRIETTE MARIE.

NEVERS, October 20, 1644.

Sir Jeffrey's life was spared; but he could no longer retain his place at the court of his royal mistress. The brother of the Crofts whom Jeffrey had killed was captain of the Queen's guard, and proved implacable in his pursuit. The dwarf was forced to escape to England, where he lived in obscurity for many years.

His kind protector, Charles I., died on the scaffold, and Queen Henrietta was long without money for her own living.

Jeffrey managed to exist at Oakham, his na-

tive town, on a small pension granted him by the Duke of Buckingham and a few others. During his residence there he grew, as I already said, till he was more than twice his former height, and his chief amusement was to tell his adventures to the country people.

After the great London plague and fire had devastated the city, Sir Jeffrey (he never forgot his title) was induced to pay a visit to the son of his beloved Queen Henrietta, who was then reigning as Charles II. At this time the whole nation was excited over the supposed discovery of a plot to assassinate the king, and Jeffrey was accused of complicity and thrown into prison with numerous other persons.

The Merry Monarch,

Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one,

left the inquiry about the plot and plotters to drag on for years, and certainly did not trouble himself to find out whether his mother's favorite dwarf was innocent or not. Poor little Jeffrey in jail must have presented a most fantastic appearance. His mustache was so long that the ends almost "twisted back amongst, and mingled with, his grizzled hair." His head, hands, and feet seemed rather large for the rest of his body, and the only clothes he had were his worn-out court fineries, the lace and embroideries of which were tarnished and torn.

He had an old cracked guitar, on which he occasionally strummed the air while he sang some of the Spanish or Moorish ballads he had learned in former days. The little voice that at one time had served to divert and amuse the highest in the land grew feebler and feebler, and finally, in 1682, it ceased altogether.

The valiant Jeffrey died, all unnoticed and uncared for, in his cell in the Gate-House, Westminster. His little waistcoat of blue satin, slashed and ornamented with pinked white silk, and his breeches and stockings, in one piece of blue satin, are preserved and may still be seen in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.

No tomb marks his resting-place, but he has been immortalized by two of the greatest artists of his time, Vandyck and Daniel Mytens.

JINGLES.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I. A PUZZLER.

My papa is a great big man;
But what I cannot see is
Just how they're going to work that plan
To make me big as he is.

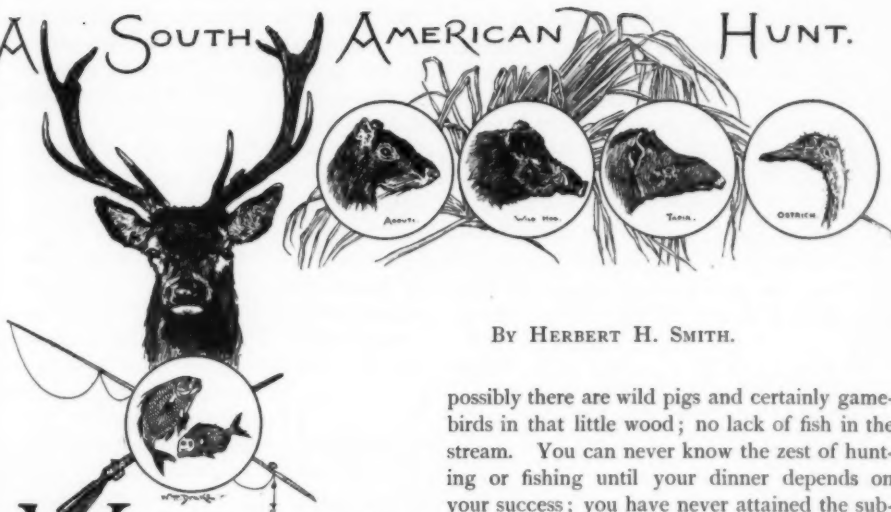
II. A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.

My brother's brother's not my brother;
And this is why, you see,
Though his dear mother's *my* dear mother,
My brother's brother's me.



THE SMALLEST FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

A SOUTH AMERICAN HUNT.



BY HERBERT H. SMITH.

WE were living—Dolly, and Bert, and I—in the little village of Chapada, somewhere about the center of South America. You will not find Chapada on your maps. It lies some thirty miles to the north-eastward of Cuyabá, well within the limits of Brazil, but not far from Bolivia.

Cuyabá is a "city," capital of the province or state of Matto Grosso. But when you read "capital" and "state," you must not think of a region like New York, and a capital like Albany or Boston. Matto Grosso is, indeed, larger than New England and the Middle States put together; but half the civilized inhabitants live in the capital, which is only an oversized village after all; another quarter make up the "cities" of Corumbá and Villa Maria, and the rest—enough to form another village—are scattered over the inhabited part of the State. This does not differ greatly from the uninhabited part, for the houses or settlements are often twenty miles asunder, and even the largest plantations are mere dots in the wilderness.

But what a wilderness! Suppose I could select a score of the ST. NICHOLAS boys—the real boys, who love a gun and fishing-rod, and glory in a long tramp—to ramble with them over those great, breezy, sunshiny hills and down through the tangled forest? I am sure that a deer might be stalked on that green hillside;

possibly there are wild pigs and certainly game-birds in that little wood; no lack of fish in the stream. You can never know the zest of hunting or fishing until your dinner depends on your success; you have never attained the sublime in cookery until you have spitted your fish or meat on a freshly peeled stick, rubbed the salt in with your fingers, and boiled it over a woodland fire, you watching it jealously lest it get ablaze, and all the time that meat is browning you grow hungrier and hungrier; and every time it sputters in the glow you catch wafts of fragrance, until you feel that you have the capacity of a dozen starving men, and wonder whether a single haunch of venison can supply your wants.

Bert was a youngster then,—so was I for that matter, and am yet whenever I get a whiff of the wild woods. Bert had his gun, a good serviceable breech-loader, the envy of the neighboring hunters. Of these, we generally kept three or four in our employ—sturdy, brown fellows, of that mixed race found all over the interior of Brazil. Then there was our German boy Carl, or Carlos as we called him, a good shot, and handy about camps. For myself, I'm no hunter, unless an entomologist be one; but I could share in the excitement of a successful day, and assist nobly at the dinner afterward.

We made our headquarters at Chapada for a long time, and what we did n't know of the country for twenty miles round was not worth knowing. One day we organized a grand hunting-party. Besides Bert and Carlos, there were Vicente, a dark half-breed and notable hunter; David, an ex-soldier of wandering

tastes; Pedro, a great strapping fellow, principally handy for bringing home game, though he could shoot too, on occasion; and three or four others. Vicente's wife, Barbina, went along as cook, and to take care of her husband's numerous dogs: these were all of that doubtful race known as pure mongrel—small and bony and scraggly; but what they lacked in flesh they made up in voice. Our own dog, "Boca-negra," would never associate with this pack in the village, but when hunting he admitted them to a modified companionship, for the general good.

We were bound for a place or region called Taquarassú, about twenty miles from Chapada; our hunters had already stalked the small red and brown deer there, and had seen *cervos* or stags. The latter are rather rare on the highlands, though common along the river-plains. I was anxious to secure a *cervo* for our collection, and Bert and Carlos were equally anxious to shoot one. Boca-negra, too, pricked up his ears when we talked of *cervos* and Taquarassú; he could not understand a word of English, but was fairly well up in Portuguese for a dog, and thoroughly versed in hunting-terms. Dear old fellow! He was a mongrel too, but he must have had noble blood somewhere in his veins, for no dog was ever braver or more generous.

The main party set out in the morning; the men on foot, with two mules and an ox to carry the camp-fixtures, hammocks, blankets, and supplies of mandioca-meal, coffee, sugar, and so on. Dolly and I followed about two o'clock, on horseback. The road for Matto Grosso is a good one, winding along the edge of the plateau, with glorious views here and there over the lowlands of the Cuyabá.

Just before sunset we turned into a path which led to the lower table-land of Taquarassú. Surely there is not such another bit of hunting-ground in the world; hardly a prettier spot. The country, though I have called it a table-land, is not flat, but rolling. Most of the slopes support but a scrubby growth, showing gray in the distance; here and there it is varied by stretches of emerald-green sward, where the land is wet; and all the valleys are dotted with the loveliest groves, certain marks of a stream or spring.

We knew that there were streams in plenty, and could catch the sparkle of one below us, between two of the groves. Here, to complete the picture, stood a noble group of fan-leaved miriti-palms; and beyond the palms, quietly grazing on one of those patches of greensward, were two deer. We were a quarter of a mile away, with the wind blowing toward us, so they had not caught our scent; but as we rode down the hill they lifted their pretty heads, gazed at the apparition for a second or two, and then bounded off, the pictures of grace.

It was growing dark when we reached the place that had been agreed upon for the camp; much to our surprise, it was deserted, though there were signs of recent occupation. We did not see in the twilight a note that had been left for us, stuck in a split stick; so, as we knew that the party could not be far off, we found their trail and rode after them. Luckily the grass was high and showed plainly where the party had passed, else we could not have followed in the gathering darkness; as it was, we nearly lost the trail once or twice. It crossed a brook and skirted a strip of woods. After half an hour we saw the gleam of a fire, and, guided by its light, presently rode under the trees into a space that had been cleared for the tents.

They had done well to change the camp. The place was sheltered from wind and heat, and a prettier spot could hardly have been found. Our tent was up, and the men had constructed beside it a most ambitious palm-thatched hut,—that is, it would have been palm-thatched, but the palm-leaves gave out before it was half covered; so it was a house with a hole where most of the roof should have been. Hammocks were slung to trees; pack-saddles and cooking-utensils were scattered about; the dogs sallied out in grand chorus as we rode up; the fire blazed and crackled, throwing queer, moving shadows on the overhanging branches; there came to our nostrils a fragrance as of broiling meat, and a faint aroma as of coffee; and, best of all, on a horizontal pole, between uprights, two deer were hanging by their hind legs, as deer should hang at a camp. These were enough to prove that the hunters had made a start; true, they were the small, brown

deer, not stags, but then the party had been here but a few hours.

The hunters greeted us as warmly as though we had been separated for days instead of hours; cups of fragrant coffee were brought, and presently supper of venison-steaks and black bean-porridge, with such "fixings" as the packs would afford. Then we turned into our hammocks, watching the play of firelight on the branches above; no sound but of a crackling brand and the murmur of the brook, or the monotonous creak of hammock-ropes as the men swung lazily, until we dropped off to dreamless slumber such as only children and hunters can know.

At the first glimpse of dawn, Bert roused me softly. I had arranged to go with him and Carlos to stalk cervos by a small lake near by; that is, the boys were to do the stalking, while I looked on from the vantage-ground of a tree. We stole silently through the scrub growth, a mile or more, to the top of a ridge; beyond this lay the lake, a mere pond in a hollow, with the scrubby growth all around except close to the shore, where there was a strip of open sward. The dawn was now well advanced. At the top of the ridge Carlos, who was ahead, suddenly stooped behind a bush, with a quick sign of caution to us. We crept up on all-fours and looked down over the lake. There, knee-deep in the water and calmly drinking, was a stag.

I think both the boys had an attack of buck-fever when they saw those antlers. But—whiff! there came just a waft of air *on our backs*, and going right toward the stag. He raised his noble head,—such a sight!—sniffed the air, came to the shore, sniffed again, and began to move off uneasily. The boys raced along behind the ridge to head him, but it was too late. Those antlers never adorned Bert's room, though he has plenty of other hunting-trophies.

We followed the tracks for half a mile, until it was clear that the chase was hopeless. The boys fumed a little, but agreed that prospects were encouraging, and their spirits went up to boiling-heat when we returned to the lake and found the marks of more than one cervo along the banks; mingled with these, too, were numerous trails of the small deer, and, best of all, the unmistakable three-toed tracks of tapirs. No

doubt this was a regular drinking-place for forest animals, and by watching at night, the usual drinking-time, a cervo or a tapir might be bagged. Disappointment gave way to hope. Bert had visions of antlers with ten prongs, and Carlos talked of a tapir-skin lariat as if he already had the dead tapir at his feet. The sun was rising gloriously; we took a cool dip in the lake, of course carefully avoiding the side where tracks were numerous, and then hurried back to our camp.

There a new excitement awaited us. Vicente, exploring the woods up-stream, had struck the fresh trail of wild hogs—a large drove, he said, and they must have passed during the night. Probably they were feeding within a few miles, and could easily be brought to bay with the dogs.

Dolly had thoughtfully urged forward the morning repast, well knowing that there would be no time to lose. You should have seen the boys go through that meal, talking all the time, with their mouths full of corn-cake, and Bert hammering at fresh cartridges the while.

In five minutes we were ready—Bert, Carlos, Vicente, and Pedro with their guns; I with a revolver strapped to my waist and an insect-net in my hand, ready for peace or war; and the dogs in great excitement circling about anywhere. David went off to hunt alone, and the other men stayed by the camp to complete their too-aspiring hut. It never got beyond half a covering.

The stream by our camp and above it for a long distance was bordered by a strip of beautiful forest. Vicente led us quietly along the skirts of this wood about a mile, and then turned under the trees to a bit of swampy ground within. The dogs, running ahead, were already yelping as only Vicente's dogs could, and no wonder, for the mud was covered with pig-tracks where a large herd had been feeding, probably just before daybreak.

The trail passed up-stream, always in the wood; soon the dogs were racing after it, noses to the ground, and at first yelping madly; but after a bit they settled down to their work, and we heard their signals only at intervals. We scrambled on as fast as we could, now cutting our way through the woods, now running along

the edge, each man for himself, but all struggling to catch up with the pack. Stopping to net an insect or two, I was soon distanced hopelessly, so, to make the best of it, I found a good spot and descended to the less exciting pursuit of bugs and butterflies.

I had heard shouts in the distance, and knew that our hunters must have found the game. Presently our dog Boca-negra broke through the bushes and ran up wagging and whining, as triumphant as a dog could be. A minute after, the hunters—all except Pedro—trooped up



"WE CREPT UP ON ALL-FOURS AND LOOKED DOWN OVER THE LAKE."

It is not uninteresting work, and my captures were good; by noon my boxes and bottles were full, and I strolled down to the stream, where the trees grew thinly, forming a lovely open glade. A tiny cascade looked so inviting that I immediately stuck my head under it, and came out with my hair and half my shirt dripping. Then I threw myself on the bank, watching the play of sunlight on the pool below, while I discussed the lunch that Dolly had provided. The ferns bent down lovingly to the pool; a humming-bird came to bathe, poising its tiny body over the water and flashing green and crimson from its helmet, then dipping twice or thrice and darting off to plume itself on a neighboring twig. I have seen large moths bathing and drinking in the same way.

with the rest of the dogs, Vicente bending under the weight of a pig that was slung over his back. They had found the drove, about thirty, a mile farther up-stream; the pigs were gathered in a little open space, clicking their white tusks at the dogs, and making no attempts to escape; the dogs were barking furiously, but kept a safe distance—all except one that had ventured too close and was lying on the ground, a victim to his own rashness; he had yelped his last yelp. Vicente, who was ahead, called to the boys to be careful, and climb a tree if the drove charged, as these animals sometimes do. Bert plunged through the bushes, and came up to the pigs on one side while they were still engaged with the dogs. Seeing his chance, he picked out the largest one within range and knocked it over neatly

with a shoulder-shot. At that the drove broke and raced off through the woods. Vicente took a flying shot, but only wounded one; they followed for a mile or more, but the trail ran through a tough thicket of bamboos, where their progress was so slow that the hunters had to give up the chase.

They then returned to the dead pig, waited for the dogs to come in, and, about noon, started back to camp. All were in high spirits, though Vicente growled a little about his lost dog, and vowed never to set his pack on a pig-trail again. Pedro was missing, but could take care of himself; so we went on.

The pig was one of the kind called *caititú*, the smaller of two species found in this region; it generally goes in droves, sometimes of a hundred or more, and its chase is quite dangerous enough to be exciting. I have heard of hunters treed

We found David in camp, and he had brought another deer; one of the men had shot a brace of pheasant-like birds; and, late in the day, Pedro came staggering in under the weight of a great *porco*, the larger species of wild hog. The trail had carried him across ravines and over a rocky hill, until he came on the hogs (there were a pair) in a little thicket. His first shot secured one. It weighed about a hundred pounds, and Pedro carried it nearly eight miles.

We remained at Taquarassú a week, but I have no space to tell you all of our adventures: how we watched at night by the lake and saw more cervos, but got none; how Vicente shot an ant-eater, and Bert and Carlos between them bagged a young tapir.

It was a successful hunt, though we got no stags. The week's sport counted up seven deer, three wild hogs (one the larger species),



"THE HUNTERS TROOPED UP WITH THE REST OF THE DOGS."

by pigs, and besieged for hours. A pack of an ant-eater, a young tapir, and as much small game as the men had cared to shoot. We were a very tired and very happy party when we reached Chapada late Saturday night.

an ant-eater, a young tapir, and as much small game as the men had cared to shoot. We were a very tired and very happy party when we reached Chapada late Saturday night.

TOM PAULDING.

(A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

[Began in the November number.]

CHAPTER VII.

CAKES AND A COMPOSITION.



SEVERAL successive Saturday afternoons Tom Paulding devoted to the box of old papers, carefully going over every letter twice or thrice, that he might make

sure of its full meaning and of its exact bearing on the problems to be solved. With like industry he read through the old newspapers and the cuttings therefrom which made up more than half the contents of the box. In these newspapers Tom found nothing relating to his investigation; but he discovered much in them that was amusing; and the glimpse of old New York they gave seemed to him so strange that Tom began to take interest in the early history of his native city. The more thoroughly he came to know the annals of New York, the prouder he was that he and his had been New-Yorkers for five generations at least.

One Saturday morning, early in December, about a month after Mrs. Paulding had given her son permission to take the box of old papers, Tom was going out to get his mother the ingredients for a batch of cakes she had to bake for a customer. Mrs. Paulding was fond of cooking, and she made delicious broths and jellies; but her special gift was for baking cake. When the New York Exchange for Woman's

Work was opened, Mrs. Paulding sent to it for sale a Washington pie, made after a receipt which had been a tradition in the family, even before the days of Mrs. Nicholas Paulding, Tom's great-grandmother. The purchaser of this delicacy was so delighted with it that she went again to the exchange and asked for another. So in time it came about that Mrs. Paulding was one of the ladies who eke out a slender income by making soups, jellies, and cakes to order for the customers of this Woman's Exchange.

In this pleasant labor Tom and Pauline were always anxious to aid. Polly had much of her mother's lightness of touch, and was already well skilled as a maker of what she chose to call "seedaway cake,"—because it was thus that she first had tried to name a cake flavored with caraway seeds. Tom had no liking for the kitchen, but he was glad to do what chores he could and to run all his mother's errands. Besides, Mrs. Paulding, with motherly forethought, was wont to contrive that there should be left over, now and again, small balls of dough, which she molded in little tins and baked for Tom and for Polly. These, however, were accidental delights to which they looked forward whenever their mother had a lot of cakes to make.

The Careful Katie did not always approve of Mrs. Paulding's invasion of her kitchen to make cake for others; but she always was pleased to see the little cakes which might lie a-baking in a corner of the oven as a treat for Tom and for Polly.

"It's a sweet tooth they have, both o' the childer," she said.

Polly had just called to her brother, "Oh, Tom, don't go out till you have given me that 'rithmetic of yours!"

"All right," answered her brother.

Just then Katie left the room, and Polly again delayed Tom's departure.

"When you were little," she said, "and Katie used to say you had a sweet tooth in your head, did it make you open your mouth, and feel your teeth, and wonder why she said you had only one? Because I did,—and I used to be afraid that perhaps if I ate too much cake I might lose my sweet tooth and not be able to taste it any more."

"You did lose all that set of sweet teeth, my dear," remarked Mrs. Paulding, smiling at Polly, as she weighed out the powdered sugar for her frosting.

"But I've got a new set of them," Polly replied, "and I'm sure that I like cake now more than ever."

"There was one of Katie's sayings that used to worry me," said Tom; "and that was when she pretended to be tired of talking to us, and declared that she would n't waste her breath on us. That made me think that perhaps we had only just so much breath each, and that if we wasted it when we were young, we should n't have any left when we were grown up—"

"I used to think that too," interrupted Pauline.

"And I thought that it would be horrible," continued her brother, "to be an old man, and not be able to speak. So when I went to bed, sometimes I used to save my breath, keeping it in as long as I could."

"I wish I'd thought of that," Polly declared. "But I did n't. Now, where's that 'rithmetic?" she added, seeing that her brother had again started to go.

"I'll get it for you," Tom answered. "It's in my room."

In a minute he returned with the book in his hand.

Across the cover were written the following characters:

τομ παυλδινγ'ς βιβλιον.

Polly took the volume, and, seeing this strange legend, she asked at once, "What's that?"

"That?" echoed Tom. "Oh, that's Greek."

Mrs. Paulding looked around in surprise.

"I did not know you were studying Greek," she said.

"I'm not," Tom answered. "That is n't really Greek. It's just my name in Greek letters—I got them out of the end of the dictionary, you know. Besides, I did that years ago. I have n't used that book since I was eleven."

Then he took the list of things his mother wished him to get, and went out.

When he came back, Pauline danced out to meet him, waving a paper above her head with one hand, while with the other she kept tight hold of the kitten which had climbed to her shoulder.

"Guess what I've found!" she cried; "and guess where I found it!"

Tom went into the dining-room to make his report to his mother. Then he turned to Polly and said: "Well, and what did you find?"

"I found this—in your 'rithmetic," she an-



"GUESS WHAT I 'VE FOUND!" SHE CRIED."

swered, opening the paper and holding it before him. "It's one of your compositions, written when you were younger than I am now—when you were only ten. It's about money—and Marmee and I don't think that it is so bad, considering how very young you were when you wrote it."

Mrs. Paulding smiled, but said nothing.

"Let me see!" cried Tom, holding out his hand.

"Will you promise to give it back?" she asked, retreating behind her mother.

"It's mine, is n't it?" he replied.

"But I want to keep it. I would like to show it to our teacher and to some of the girls, because it is so funny. I can tell them that a little boy wrote it, without telling who it was. It was a good subject to write about, I think. Just think what I've got to do a composition on next week! On 'Loyalty!' What can I write about Loyalty? That's one of those head-in-the-air words I never have anything to say about. The teachers we had last year used to let us write descriptive compositions. I wrote one on 'A Walk in Riverside Park,' and I told all about the little girl's tomb with the urn on it, you know. And we kept changing teachers, and I handed in that composition three times!"

"O Pauline!" said her mother, reproachfully.

"Well," the little girl explained, "I wrote it over every time and made it longer and fixed it up a bit. It's so hard to think of things to say when you have to write a composition."

"Let me have mine now," said Tom, "and I'll give it back."

"Honest?" she asked.

"Certain sure," he answered.

"Hands across your heart?" she inquired, holding out the paper.

"Never see the back of my neck again, if I don't!" declared Tom, taking it from her hand hastily.

When he had opened it, and when he saw the irregular handwriting and the defective spelling, he blushed slightly.

"I wrote this when I was a boy," he said apologetically.

"What are you now?" asked his mother, as she glanced up from her labors, smiling.

"I mean a little boy," Tom answered.

This is the composition which Tom Paulding had written when he was "a little boy."

The signature and the date under it are omitted, but the latter showed that Tom was just ten years and three months old when he composed it:

MONEY.

- I Money is one of the most useful things in the world
- II and if it was not for money we should not have
- III half the comforts and emplacements which we have. Money
- IV is a great thing and goes a great sometimes. There
- V are a great many kinds of coins of different nations
- VI the English, the French, the American, the Austrian, and the
- VII Russian, and a great many others kinds of coins,
- VIII There has been a great deal of money spent in
- IX the war, To pay the soldier, and to buy the imple-
- X ments of war, such as cannons, mortars, and cannans balls
- XI and powder, and some of it to give to the widows
- XII of the soldierrs who have been killed, There are
- XIII two kinds of Money, one kind of which is paper
- XIV and the other kind is speice which is coin such
- XV as gold silver and copper The coin, of the United
- XVI, States are eagles, dollars, dimes, cents, and
- XVII, mills, These are gold silver and copper. The
- XVIII, Eagles dollars are gold, dollars dimes half dimes are sil-
- XIX, ver, cents and half cents are copper., Besides the paper
- XX money of the United States, which are the 100, 10, 5
- XXI dollars and less.

"What I like about it," said Polly, stooping so that the kitten could jump off her shoulder, "is the way you have numbered the lines. Those Xs and Vs take up a lot more space than plain figures, and they help to fill up beautifully. Our teacher now wants us to write forty lines, but she won't let us number them—is n't that mean?"

"I suppose you could write a very different composition on the same subject now, Tom, since you have been in search of the money stolen from your great-grandfather," Mrs. Paulding suggested.

"I don't know," Tom answered, with a laugh; "I think I have learned something about the history of the battles here in September, 1776; but I don't know any more about money, because I have n't found any yet."

"How do you get on with your search?" asked his mother.

"I don't get on at all," Tom answered frankly. "I seem to have found out all there is to know—and that does n't tell me anything really. I know all about the stealing, but I have n't the first idea where the stolen money is."

"Then I would not waste any more time on it," said Mrs. Paulding.

"Oh, I'm not going to give it up now," Tom declared forcibly; "it's just like a puzzle to me, and I've worked over puzzles before. Sometimes you go a long while, and you don't see in the least how it could be done; and then, all of a sudden, it comes to you, and you do it as easily as can be. And that's what I hope will happen about this two-thousand-guinea puzzle. At any rate, that's the biggest prize I ever had a chance at, and I'm not going to give it up without trying hard for it."

Mrs. Paulding's eyes lighted up with pleasure at Tom's energy.

"I wish your uncle Dick were here to help you," she said.

"I'd rather do it all by myself, if I can," Tom returned. "If I can't, then I'd like Uncle Dick's help."

"Where is Uncle Dick now?" asked Pauline.

"I believe he is at the diamond-fields in South Africa," her mother answered. "That is where I wrote him last; but I have n't heard from him for nearly a year now."

"But if Uncle Dick came back, mother, we should n't need the two thousand guineas," said Tom; "he'd pay off the mortgage, and send me to study engineering, and get a new doll for Polly, and—"

"I'm not a baby!" interrupted Pauline, "and I don't want a new doll. If I had lots and lots of money, I think I should like a little teeny-weeny tiger—just a tiger-kitten, you know. It would be such fun to play with it. Is Uncle Dick very rich, Marmee?"

"I do not know whether he has any money at all or not," answered Mrs. Paulding. "He was always a rolling stone, and I doubt if he has gathered any moss."

"I should n't like an uncle who had about him anything so green as moss," said Tom.

"We'd like to see him, if he had n't a cent," cried Polly. "But I've read stories where uncles came back, and were ever so rich, and did everything you wanted, and paid off the mortgage, and gave everybody all the money they needed."

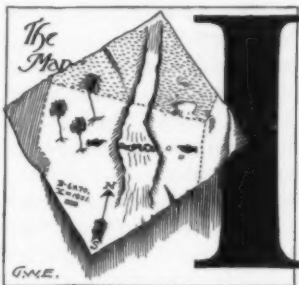
"I'm afraid you must n't expect that kind of an uncle," sighed Mrs. Paulding.

"Then I wish we had a fairy godmother!" Polly declared.

"We've got something finer than that," said Tom, bending forward and kissing Mrs. Paulding; "we've got a mother better than any fairy."

CHAPTER VIII.

A QUARREL AND AN ARRIVAL.



I must not be supposed that Tom Paulding's whole time was given up to his quest for the stolen guineas, or that he in any way neglected his studies at school or his duties at home. He went to school regularly, and he did his usual tasks much as he had done them before he had taken up the search; perhaps his interest in American history was a little keener now that he felt himself in touch with the soldiers of the Continental army. His liking for mathematics, and his ingenuity in solving problems, were no greater than before, as the science of numbers had always been his favorite branch of learning.

At home, as at school, life went on with the same round of duties and pleasures, the sameness of which was not relieved after Tom had set his mind on a single object. It was only on Saturdays, and then chiefly in the afternoon, that Tom could really devote himself to his quest. And this fixing of Tom's energies on a private enterprise caused a loosening of the tie that bound him to the Black Band. He lacked the time to take part in all the elaborate sports of his friends; and although, now and again, some specially wild plan of the delicate Harry Zachary might for a moment tempt him, he wavered for a moment only and went on his own way with little regret, leaving his friends to amuse themselves after their fashion.

At first this giving up of the pleasant sports of boyhood, even for a little while, was not easy;

but as time went on, and as Tom became more and more deeply interested in the work to which he had given himself, he found that it was easier and easier to turn aside from the tempting suggestions of Harry Zachary and the hearty invitations of Cissy Smith. It seemed to Tom as if he had now a more serious object in life, to gain which would relieve not only himself, but his mother and his sister; and this thought strengthened him, and he ceased to regret in any way his lessened interest in the doings of the Black Band.

On the afternoon of the Saturday when Pauline had read his early composition on "Money," Tom took a map he had found in the boxes of papers. This was the map roughly outlined by Nicholas Paulding, and it showed the position of the American and British forces on the night of the robbery. On it were marked also the situation of the camp-fire where Nicholas had slept that evening, and the posts of the two sentries who had fired at the thief. It showed, moreover, the course of the little stream which separated the opposing armies. Tom intended to compare this map with the ground as it was now, and to see if he could identify any of the landmarks, and so make sure exactly where the robbery took place and in which direction Jeffrey Kerr had fled.

The weather was mild for the season of the year. It was almost the middle of December, and as yet there had been neither ice nor snow. A bright, clear December day in New York is, as Shakspeare says of old age, "frosty, but kindly." Tom felt the bracing effect of the breeze as he stepped briskly along. What he wished chiefly to discover was a trace of the brook which the map indicated as having flowed between the camp of George Washington's men and the camp of the men of George III. He knew the ground fairly well already, but he did not recall any such stream.

As he was hurrying along he came suddenly upon a little group of the Black Band, marching down the street two abreast under command of Cissy Smith, who careened at the head.

"Hello, Tom!" cried Cissy Smith.

"Hello!" replied Tom.

"Halt!" commanded the leader of the Black Band. "Break ranks! Go as you please!"

Lott twisted himself forward and greeted Tom sneeringly:

"Hello, Curly! Are you off on your wild-goose chase now?"

"Look here, Corkscrew, I've told you before that I won't be called Curly! And you sha'n't do it any more," Tom declared indignantly. He regretted bitterly that his dark hair persisted in curling, despite his utmost endeavor to straighten it out and to plaster it down.

"If I had hair like a girl's, all curls and ringlets, I should n't mind being called Curly," Corkscrew explained, a little sulkily.

"Well, I do mind," Tom said emphatically; "and I want it stopped."

Lott was silent. Perhaps he had no answer ready. He was a little older than Tom, and of late he had begun to grow at a most surprising rate. He was already the tallest boy of the group. Cissy Smith had said that if Corkscrew only kept on growing, the Black Band would make him their standard-bearer and use him as the flagstaff, too. Lott's spare figure seemed taller and thinner than it was because of the high boots he always wore.

"I reckon there 'll be a row between Tom and Corkscrew, sooner or later," whispered Harry Zachary to Smith. "They are both of 'em just spoiling for a fight."

"Tom would knock the fight out of him in no time," Cissy answered. "He 's well set up, while Lott 's all out of shape, like a big clothes-pin. If he tried to bully me, I 'd tell him to stop it, or I 'd make him sorry."

Lott hesitated and then held out his hand to Tom. "I tell you what I 'll do," he said. "I 'll agree never to call you Curly again, if you 'll take me into this search of yours. I 'd like to know all about it, and I can find out a lot for you."

"Oh, ho!" cried Cissy. "I thought you called it a wild-goose chase?"

"So I did," Lott replied. "But that was only to tease Tom."

"I do not want any help," Tom declared.

"I 'll do what I can," urged Lott. "And when we get it, I 'll ask for only a third of the money."

"No," Tom replied. "I'm going to find it alone or not at all."

"I'll help you for a quarter of what we get—" Lott went on.

"There's no use talking about it," said Tom. "When I want a side-partner in this business, I'll pick one out for myself."

"All right," Corkscrew answered, with a sudden twist which took him out of the circle. "It's your loss, not mine. Any way, I don't believe you'll ever find anything, either."

At this juncture little Jimmy Wigger ran up breathlessly and joined the group of boys.

"Are you going to play any good games to-day?" he asked eagerly. "Can't I play, too? I'd have been here before, but my aunt would n't let me till now. She's given me permission to be out two hours if I'm with Cissy or Tom, and if I promise to be very careful and not to get my feet wet."

"I'll take care of you," said Cissy.

"And we'll let you play with us, if you are a good boy, and don't cry," added Lott.

"I have n't cried for 'most a year now," little Jimmy declared indignantly.

"Then see you don't cry to-day," said Lott, taking from his pocket what was apparently a bit of wooden pencil. "Oh, I say, Jimmy, just hold this for me, will you, while I tie it?"

"Certainly," little Jimmy replied willingly.

"Hold it this way," Lott explained, "between your thumb and your finger—so. Press tight against each end—that's it. Now I'll tie the string."

As Corkscrew took hold of the threads which came out of a hole in the middle of the pencil, which, if pulled, would thrust two needles into little Jimmy's hand, Tom grabbed him by the arm.

"Drop that, Corkscrew!" he cried. "You sha'n't play that on Jimmy."

"Why not?" asked Lott. "I fooled you with it yesterday."

"I'm old enough to take care of myself," Tom answered. "Jimmy is n't. Besides, he's just been put under my care and Cissy's for to-day."

Lott sullenly wound the threads about the mean contrivance in preparing which he had spent his study hour the day before. As he

put it in his pocket he said, "I don't see why some people can't mind their own business!"

"I'm going to make it my business to keep you from bullying Jimmy," Tom responded.

"How are you going to do it?" sneered Lott.

"I've been able to do it so far by catching you in time. But before we get through I believe we shall have to fight it out," Tom asserted.

"Oh, indeed!" Lott rejoined. "And who'll take you home to your mother then?"

"I'm younger than you," Tom answered, "and I'm not so big, but I don't believe you can hurt me. And I don't mean to have you hurt Jimmy here. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand fast enough," Corkscrew rejoined; "and I shall do just what I like. So there!"

There was a little more talk among the boys, and then they parted. The Black Band



"TOM WAS ABLE TO FIND MOST OF THE POSITIONS INDICATED ON THE MAP." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

marched off, Cissy Smith lurching ahead as captain, with little Jimmy Wigger and Corkscrew Lott in the ranks together. Tom went on his way to verify the map made by his great-grandfather.

Just as the Black Band was going around a

corner which would take them out of sight, Lott stopped and called back.

Tom turned in answer to this hail. What he heard was the taunting voice of Corkscrew shouting after him, "Good-by, Curly! Curly! Oh, Curly! Put them up in paper when you get home!"

Tom hesitated whether he should run after Lott and have their fight out once for all, or whether he should pay no attention to his words. He chose the latter course, and went on his way again.

During the afternoon, before the early twilight closed in, he was able to find most of the positions indicated on the map. Some of them were plainly to be seen, being very little changed from their condition the night before the Battle of Harlem Heights. Others were difficult to verify, because of the new streets and the houses which had been built of late years.

The little brook, which was the chief object Tom wished to trace, he succeeded at last in locating precisely. Of course it was no longer a brook. When streets are run across meadows and through hills, the watercourses must needs lie dry and bare. But there were several adjoining blocks where the street-level was higher than the original surface, and where the vacant lots had not been filled in.

Across three of these open spaces Tom was able to trace the course of the little stream, with its occasional rock-bordered pools, in which fish once used to feed, and which had become dry and deserted. The willows which bordered one bank of the brook were still standing. Tom was successful in discovering even the site of the Seven Stones which had served for a passage across the stream where it broadened out into a tiny pond.

In the plan made by Tom's great-grandfather these were marked "the stepping-stones" simply; but in another and rougher map, which also Tom had found among the papers of Wyllys Paulding, they were called the Seven Stones. Tom was interested in identifying them, as he thought that Jeffrey Kerr might have crossed them in his flight from the American camp to the British.

But as Kerr never reached the British forces,

there was no need of speculating how it was that he might have gone if he had reached them. This Tom felt keenly. In fact the more he studied the situation, and the better he became acquainted with the surroundings, the more difficult seemed the problem of Kerr's disappearance. When that feeling was at its worst, he would recollect that his grandfather had made the same inquiries he was now trying to make, and that his grandfather had suddenly and unhesitatingly abandoned the quest; and the reason for this strange proceeding seemed to Tom as hard to seek as the other.

Tom walked slowly home in the gathering dusk of the December day. The sun was setting far down across the river, and the clouds were rosy and golden with the glow. Tom did not see the glories of nature; his mind was busy with his puzzles. He kept turning them over and over again. He wished that he had some one to whom he could talk plainly, and who might be able to suggest some new point of view. None of his school-fellows was available for this purpose. Corkscrew, of course, would not do, and Harry Zachary was too young, while Cissy Smith was so practical and so sarcastic sometimes that Tom hated to go to him, although he and Cissy were the best of friends.

His mother he was not willing to bother with his hopes and his fears. She had her own burdens. Besides, the delight of bringing her money to pay off the mortgage and do with as she pleased would be sadly damped if she had any share in the recovery of the guineas.

Tom found himself wishing that he had some older friend whom he could consult. He wondered even whether he might not do well to go down-town and have a talk with the lawyer, Mr. Duncan.

When he had climbed the steep flight of wooden steps which led from the street to the ground about their house, he thought he saw Pauline at a window as though she were waiting for him. As he drew near the porch, the front door was opened and Pauline came flying out, her eyes sparkling and her hair streaming out behind.

"Tom," she cried; "oh, Tom, guess who is here!"

"I can't guess," he answered. "Who is it?" now he's in the parlor talking to Marmee and
 "It's Uncle Dick," she answered. "He waiting to see you."
 came this afternoon just after you went out, and Here, as it happened, was the very friend
 I was all alone, and I had to receive him. And Tom had been hoping for.

(To be continued.)

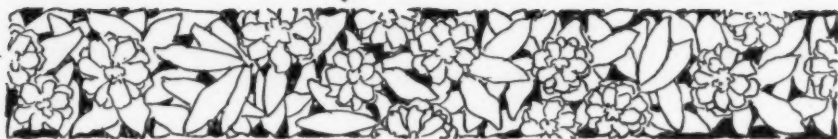
A Year with Dolly



My Dolly went to ride in a sleigh,
 And I was the horse to draw her;
 She tumbled out — I was running away —
 And O there was nobody saw her;
 But I found her at last in a bank of snow,
 All so smiling and rosy,
 Just as patient and good, you know,
 As if it were warm and cozy.



I took her in and put her to bed —
 I was sure she must be freezing;
 I rubbed her feet and I rubbed her head
 For fear it would set her sneezing.
 Now she will soon be well, no doubt,
 But I've made a resolution
 To take more care when she goes out
 Of my Dolly's constitution.



STRANGE CORNERS OF OUR COUNTRY.¹

By CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

[*Begun in the December number.*]

CHAPTER II.

THE Great American Desert was almost better known a generation ago than it is to-day. Then thousands of the hardy Argonauts on their way to California had traversed that fearful waste on foot with their dawdling ox-teams, and hundreds of them left their bones to bleach in that thirsty land. The survivors of those deadly journeys had a very vivid idea of what that desert was; but now that we can roll across it in less than a day in Pullman palace-cars, its real—and still existing—horrors are largely forgotten. I have walked its hideous length alone and wounded, and realize something more of it from that than a great many railroad journeys across it have told me. Now every transcontinental railroad crosses the great desert which stretches up and down the continent, west of the Rocky Mountains, for nearly two thousand miles. The northern routes cut its least terrible parts; but the two railroads which traverse its southern half—the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad and the Southern Pacific—pierce some of its grimmest recesses.

The first scientific exploration of this region was Lieutenant Wheeler's United States survey about 1850; and he was first to give scientific assurance that we had here a desert as absolute as the Sahara. If its parched sands could speak their record, what a story they might tell of sufferings and death; of slow-plodding caravans, whose patient oxen lifted their feet ceaselessly from the blistering gravel; of drawn human faces that peered at some lying image of a placid lake, and toiled frantically on to

sink at last, hopeless and strengthless, in the hot dust which the mirage had painted with the hues and the very waves of water.

No one will ever know how many have yielded to the long sleep in that inhospitable land. Not a year passes, even now, without record of many dying upon that desert, and of many more who wander back, in a delirium of thirst. Even people at the railroad stations sometimes rove off, lured by the strange fascination of the desert, and never come back; and of the adventurous miners who seek to probe the golden secrets of those barren and strange-hued ranges, there are countless victims.

A desert is not necessarily an endless, level waste of burning sand. The Great American Desert is full of strange, burnt, ragged mountain ranges, with deceptive, sloping broad valleys between—though as we near its southern end the mountains become somewhat less numerous, and the sandy wastes more prominent. There are many extinct volcanoes upon it, and hundreds of square miles of black, bristling lava-flows. A large part of it is sparsely clothed with the hardy greasewood; but in places not a plant of any sort breaks the surface, as far as the eye can reach. The summer heat is unbearable, often reaching 136° in the shade; and a piece of metal which has been in the sun can no more be handled than can a red-hot stove. Even in winter the midday heat is insufferable, while at night ice frequently forms on the water-tanks. The daily range of temperature there is said to be the greatest ever recorded anywhere; and a change of 80° in a few hours is not rare.

Such violent variations are extremely trying

¹ Copyright, 1891, by Charles F. Lummis.

to the human system; and among the few people who live on the edges of the hottest of lands, pneumonia is the commonest of diseases. The scattered telegraph-offices along the railroad are all built with two roofs, a couple of feet apart, that the free passage of air may partially ward off the fearful down-beating of the sun. There are oases in the desert, too, chief of which are the narrow valleys of the Mojave* River and the lower Colorado.

It is a strange thing to see that soft green ribbon across the molten landscape—between lines as sharp-drawn as a fence, on one side of which all is verdant life, and on the other, but a foot away, all death and desolation.

The twisted ranges, which seem to have been dropped down upon the waste, rather than upheaved from it, are very rich in gold and silver—a fact which has lured many a victim to death. Their strange colors have given an appropriate name to one of the largest silver-producing districts in the United States—it is called "Calico." The curiously blended browns and reds of these igneous rocks make them look like the antiquated calicoes of our grandmothers.

As would be inferred from its temperature, the desert is a land of fearful winds. When that volume of hot air rises by its own lightness, other air from the surrounding world must rush in to take its place; and as the new ocean of atmosphere, greater than the Mediterranean, pours in enormous waves into its desert bed, such winds result as few in fertile lands ever dreamed of. The Arabian simoom is not deadlier than the sand-storm of the Colorado Desert (as the lower half of this region is generally called). Express-trains cannot make head against it—nay, sometimes they are even blown from the track! Upon the crests of some of the ranges are hundreds of acres buried deep in the fine, white sand that those fearful gales scoop up by car-loads from the plain and lift on high to fling upon the scowling peaks thousands of feet above. There are no snow-drifts to blockade trains there; but it is frequently necessary to shovel through more troublesome drifts of sand. Man or beast caught in one of those sand-laden tempests has little chance of escape. The man

who will lie with his head tightly wrapped in coat or blanket and stifle there until the fury of the storm is spent, may survive; but woe to the poor brute whose swift feet cannot bear it sometimes to a place of refuge. There is no facing or breathing that atmosphere of alkaline sand, whose lightest whiff inflames eyes, nose, and throat almost past endurance.

The few rivers of the American desert are as strange and as treacherous as its winds. The Colorado is the only large stream of them all, and the only one which behaves like an ordinary river. It is always turbid—and gets its Spanish name, which means the "Red," from the color of its tide. The smaller streams are almost invariably clear in dry weather; but in a time of rain they become torrents not so much of sandy water as of liquid sand! I have seen them rolling down in freshets with waves four feet high which seemed simply sand in flow; and it is a fact that the bodies of those who are drowned at such times are almost never recovered. The strange river buries them forever in its own sands. All these rivers have heads; but hardly one of them has a mouth! They rise in the mountains on the edge of some happier land, flow away out into the desert, making a green gladness where their waters touch, and finally are swallowed up forever by the thirsty sands. The Mojave, for instance, is a beautiful little stream, clear as crystal through the summer, only a foot or so in depth but some two hundred feet wide. It is fifty or sixty miles long, and its upper valley is a narrow paradise, green with tall grasses and noble cotton-woods that recall the stately elms of the Connecticut Valley. But presently the grass gives place to barren sand-banks, the hardier trees, whose roots bore deep to drink, grow small and straggling; and at last the river dies altogether upon the arid plain, and leaves beyond as bare a desert as that which borders its bright oasis-ribbon on both sides.

It is a very curious fact that this American Sahara, over fifteen hundred miles long from north to south, and nearly half as wide, serves to trip the very seasons. On its Atlantic side the rains all come in the summer; but on the Pacific side they are invariably in the winter, and a

* Pronounced *Mo-hah-vy*.

shower between March and October is almost as unheard of as the proverbial thunder from a cloudless sky.

In the southern portions of the desert are many strange freaks of vegetable life—huge cacti sixty feet tall, and as large around as a

barrel, with singular arms which make them look like gigantic candelabra; smaller but equally fantastic varieties of cactus, from the tall, lithe ocalilla, or whipstock cactus, down to the tiny knobs smaller than china cups, whose innocent-looking needles give them a roseate halo. The blossoms of these strange vegetable pin-cushions (whose pins all have their points outward) are invariably brilliant and beautiful. There are countless more modest flowers, too, in the rainy season, and then thousands of square miles are carpeted thick with a floral carpet that makes it hard for the traveler to believe that he is really gazing upon a desert. There are even date-palms—those quaint ragged children of the tropics; and they have very fitting company. Few people are aware that there are wild camels in North America, but it is none the less true. Many years ago a number of these "ships of the desert" were im-

ported from Africa by an enterprising Yankee who purposed to use them in freighting across the American Sahara. The scheme failed; the camels escaped to the desert, made themselves at home, and there they roam to-day, wild as deer but apparently thriving, and now and then



THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

porting from Africa by an enterprising Yankee who purposed to use them in freighting across the American Sahara. The scheme failed; the camels escaped to the desert, made themselves at home, and there they roam to-day, wild as deer but apparently thriving, and now and then

frightening the wits out of some ignorant prospector who strays into their grim domain.

There are in this desert weird and deadly valleys which are hundreds of feet below the level of the sea; vast deposits of pure salt, borax, soda, and other minerals; remarkable "mud-volcanoes" or geysers; marvelous mirages and supernatural atmospheric effects, and many other wonders. The intensely dry air is so clear that distance seems annihilated, and the eye loses its reckoning. Objects twenty miles away appear to be within an easy half-hour's walk. There are countless dry beds of lakes of ages ago—some of them of great extent—in whose alkaline dust no plant can grow, and upon which a puddle of rain-water becomes an almost deadly poison.

In the mountain-passes are trails where the pattering feet of starveling coyotes for thousands of years have worn a path six inches deep in the

limestone. Gaunt ravens sail staring over the wan plains; there hairy tarantulas hop; and the "side-winder"—the deadly, horned rattlesnake of the desert, which gets its nickname from its peculiar sideling motion—crawls across the burning sands, or basks in the terrific sun which only he and the lizards, of all created things, can enjoy.

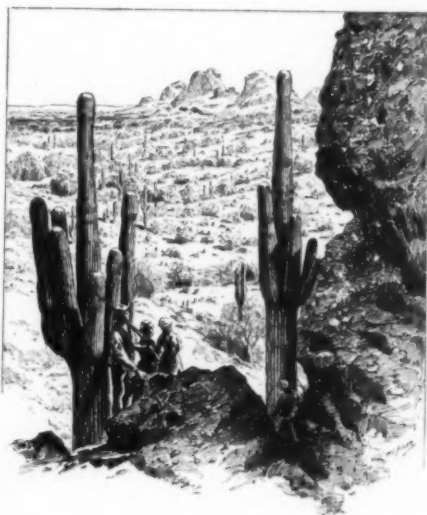
Within a year great interest has been excited by the formation of the "Salton Sea." There was no need for mystery about it—the Colorado River merely broke into that strange basin which is two hundred and sixty-eight feet below the sea-level.

The most fatally famous part of the Great American Desert is Death Valley, in California. There is on all the globe no other spot more forbidding, more desolate, more deadly. It is a concentration of the horrors of that whole hideous area; and it has a bitter history.

One of the most interesting and graphic stories I ever listened to was that related to me, several years ago, by one of the survivors of the famous Death Valley party of 1849—the Rev. J. W. Brier, an aged Methodist clergyman now living in California. A party of five hundred emigrants started on the last day of September, 1849, from the southern end of Utah to cross the desert to the, then new, mines of California. There were one hundred and five canvas-topped wagons, drawn by sturdy oxen, beside which trudged the shaggy men, rifle in hand, while under the canvas awnings rode the women and children. In a short time there was division of opinion as to the proper route across that pathless waste in front; and next day five wagons and their people went east to reach Santa Fé (whence there were dim Mexican trails to Los Angeles), and the rest plunged boldly into the desert. The party which went by way of Santa Fé reached California in December, after vast sufferings. The larger company traveled in comfort for a few days until they reached about where Pioche now is. Then they entered the Land of Thirst; and for more than three months wandered, lost in that realm of horror. It was almost impossible to get wagons through a country furrowed with cañons; so they soon abandoned their vehicles, packing what they could upon the backs of the oxen.

They struggled on to glittering lakes, only to find them deadly poison, or but a mirage on barren sands. Now and then a wee spring in the mountains gave them new life. One by one the oxen dropped, day by day the scanty flour ran lower. Nine young men, who separated from the rest, being stalwart and unencumbered with families, reached Death Valley ahead of the others, and were lost. Their bones were found many years later by Governor Blaisdell and his surveyors, who gave Death Valley its name.

The valley lies in Inyo County, and is about



VIEW AMONG THE CACTI.

one hundred and fifty miles long. In width it tapers from three miles at its southern end to thirty at the northern. It is over two hundred feet below the level of the sea. The main party crossed it at about the middle, where it is but a few miles wide, but suffered frightfully there. Day by day some of their number sank upon the burning sands never to rise. The survivors were too weak to help the fallen.

The strongest of the whole party was nervous, little Mrs. Brier, who had come to Colorado an invalid, and who shared with her boys of four, seven, and nine years of age that indescribable tramp of nine hundred miles. For the last three weeks she had to lift her athletic

husband from the ground every morning, and steady him a few moments before he could stand. She gave help to wasted giants any one of whom, a few months before, could have lifted her with one hand.

At last the few survivors crossed the range which shuts off that most dreadful of deserts from the garden of the world, and were tenderly nursed to health at the hacienda, or ranch house, of a courtly Spaniard. Mr. Brier had lost one hundred pounds in weight, and the others were thin in proportion. When I saw him last he was a hale old man of seventy-five, cheerful and active, but with strange furrows

in his face to tell of those bygone sufferings. His heroic little wife was still living, and the boys, who had had such a bitter experience as perhaps no other boys ever survived, are now stalwart men.

The Great American Desert reaches from Idaho to the Gulf of California and down into Mexico; and includes portions of Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Arizona, and California. There have been numerous schemes to reclaim parts of it,—even to turning the Colorado River into its southern basins,—but all the ingenuity of man will never change most of it from the fearful wilderness it is to-day.



BY MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

IF you should go to the play some night
 You 'll see in the orchestra, on the right,
 A little man;
 And, if he does n't astonish you
 With the musical antics he goes through—
 Why, nobody can!

First he plays the I-don't-know-what, whose tones
Sound just as if you were hitting bones;

Then, with a jump,
He jangles the chords of the tumty-tum,
And he 's sure to be back when the big bass drum
Requires a thump.

Next the what-you-may-call-it must be whacked;
And then from the thingummy he 'll extract

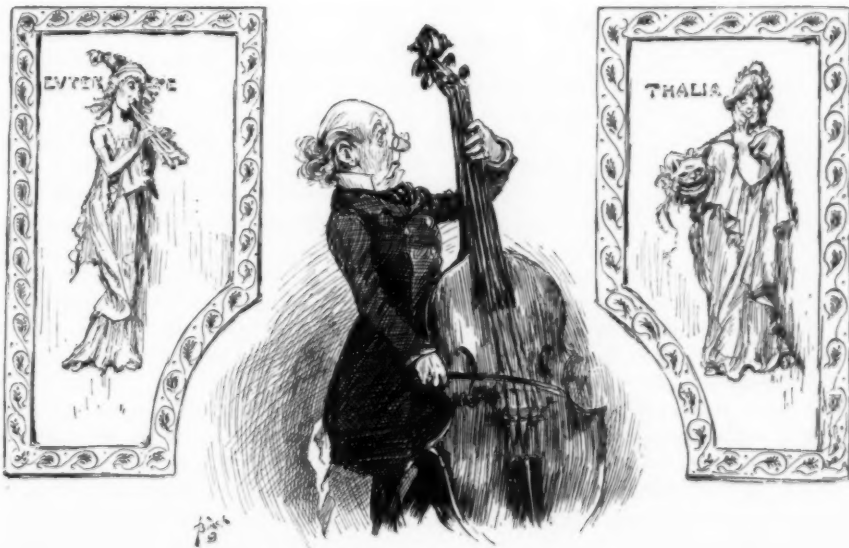
A tinny sound;
While the jiggermaree he will wake to life
Till it sets you on edges, like a knife
When it 's being ground.

And there are those round brass things, you know;
What 's the name they give 'em?—er—er—they go

Ching-ching! Ching-ching!
Wherever there comes a great big crash
He uses his feet, and makes 'em clash
Like everything!

There 's a little bald man on the other side
Who stands up and looks rather dignified;

But don't watch *him*;
His fiddle 's the biggest of all, it 's true,
But the only thing he can make it do
Is to go "zim-zim!"



THE WINNING OF VANELLA.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

My father was a rich merchant, and I naturally expected that he would give me enough to insure me a fair start in life. Consequently, after the celebration of my twenty-first birthday, I was not surprised when he told me that he wished to hold a serious conversation with me in his study. I found him sitting upon his favorite green silk divan.

He motioned to me to be seated.

"My son," he began, "it is time you began your career."

"Most true, Parent revered," was my answer.

"Unfortunately," he went on, "the pirates have lately captured six of my largest galleys loaded with emeralds, topazes, and notions, and I shall be unable to provide for you as I wished to do. But the money, which it seems was fated to be lost, would have been only a disappointment, and you can now show me what you are capable of doing by your unaided efforts."

"It is an excellent opportunity," I agreed.

"Your brothers, as you know, have already attempted to cope with the world."

"I know," I assented.

"But hitherto I have not told you of their fortunes. The King of a neighboring country seeks a husband for his only daughter, and promises to abdicate as soon as he has found a suitable son-in-law for the place."

"What sort of a son-in-law does his Majesty desire?"

"He does not say. Both of your excellent brothers have returned to me for enough to make a new start in life, after having failed to win the hand of this princess."

"Did they tell you of their experiences?" I inquired with natural curiosity.

"Only in the most general terms," my father answered, smiling grimly at his own thoughts. "They told me that each candidate had certain tasks to perform, and agreed to leave the country forever if unsuccessful."

"And my brothers failed?"

"At the first task," said my father.

"Which was, perhaps, difficult?"

"Difficult, you may well say. It was to bring from the Hereditary Khan of Bijoutery, a proud and warlike chieftain, his most cherished bit of bric-à-brac, a goblet containing three priceless amethysts, given to him by a descendant of Haroun Alraschid. The Princess thinks she would like to have the jewels set in her *bon-bonnière*."

"Pardon me, Papa," said I, "but I do not know that Frankish term."

"It is an outlandish name for a candy-box," said my father, who was simplicity itself.

"Could not my brothers obtain this little favor for the gentle Princess?" was my comment.

"They escaped with their lives only by the merest accident," said he. "The eldest made a midnight visit to the Khan's jewel-room, was discovered and leaped into the moat, some fifty parasangs below, if my memory be what it was; and then he swam four leagues, according to his own estimate, before rising to the surface for air."

"And the second?"

"Formed an alliance with a Cossack leader, and made war upon the Khan. But the Khan defeated them in seven pitched battles, and that discouraged your brother so that he returned home."

"Hearty commiserations for my brothers' misfortunes!" I said, after a few moments spent in reflection. "And the Princess—is she beautiful, that she inspires such courage and resolution?"

"The Princess Vanella is an exceedingly nice girl," said my father. "She is graceful, respectful to her elders, plays upon the lute like a true daughter of the desert, makes excellent muffins, and has the happiest disposition (next to that of your lamented mother) I have ever

known. She is worthy of your highest ambition. To win her hand would be happiness, even should you thereafter lose the kingdom that goes with her. And those realms, my son," added my father, with a sigh, "are always slipping through one's fingers!"

In silence I waited my father's recovery from his emotion. My loved parent had lost several kingdoms already—not by carelessness, but through misfortune. From our earliest days my mother taught us never to remind papa of the thrones that were once his. She was always considerate.

"Why should I not undertake this adventure in my turn?" I asked soon after.

"So I asked your brothers; but they were inclined to ridicule the idea."

"Ultimate ridicule is most satisfactory," I suggested, quoting a proverb of my native land.

"No doubt," my father agreed, nodding his great white turban. "Really, your chances are excellent. The fairy stories are all in your favor. You are the third son, and I have nothing to give you; your elder brothers have failed, and scorn your desire to attempt the tasks. You will, when you go, have only your father's blessing—which I will furnish. All seems favorable. But are you stupid enough? There I cannot help you. The true stupidity is natural, not acquired."

"I will be as stupid as I can," said I, with proud humility. "The lovely Princess Vanella shall be mine. I am enchanted with her already. She shall be mine."

"Enough!" said my father; and I withdrew.

In a few days I started, with my father's blessing, carrying all my possessions in a silk handkerchief slung from a stout staff. Upon my way I kept a sharp lookout for old men with bundles of fagots too heavy for their strength, aged women asking alms, and, in fact, for all unattractive wayfarers; for I knew that fairies were likely to take such forms.

And my vigilance was rewarded. At the first cross-roads I saw an ancient beggar crone hurling stones at a tree with more earnestness than aim.

"What seek ye, honest dame?" I inquired in an anxious tone as a rock avoided the tree and came most marvelously close to my right ear.

"Alas! My best bonnet has flown on the zephyr's wing, and roosts in yon tree," she replied, poising another boulder.

Resolved to stop the bombardment at any cost, I spoke hastily:

"Nay, pelt not the shrub! Care thou for my burden, and I will scale the branches and rescue the errant triumph of the milliner's art!"

My language was romantic in those days, perhaps too romantic, for she failed to catch my meaning, and waved the stone uneasily.

"Hold on!" I said. "Drop the rock, and I'll get the bonnet. If you hit it, you might smash all the style out of it."

My praise of her bonnet was not unpleasant to her, for when I brought it she said gratefully:



"FARE THEE WELL, GENTLE DAME," I REPLIED.

"You are a noble youth. I have little with which to reward you; but give me the pen and inkhorn that dangles from your belt, and a bit of parchment. I can write you a line that may aid you in time of need."

Convinced that she was a fairy, I obeyed. She wrote a few words in a crabbed hand, and

advised me to read them when I was in need of counsel.

"Give you good day, fair youth," said she, courteously.

"Fare thee well, gentle dame," I replied, removing my right slipper, which is a token of respect in my native land.

I met with but one other adventure on my way to the Khan's palace. I rescued an emerald-green parrot from a cat, and seeing no dwelling near carried the pretty creature with me.

On the eighth day after leaving my father's house, I was ushered by two gorgeous guards into the courtyard of the palace where the beautiful Vanella dwelt. My heart beat rapturously, and I felt so young, so brave, and so strong that I feared neither the King nor his people.

I happened to arrive just when the King was holding audience, and he was graciously pleased to see me without more than three or four hours' delay in the anteroom.

When the curtained doorway was opened I advanced into the audience-hall and saw — Vanella!

For seventeen minutes I saw nothing but the Princess! In fact, the guards had just been ordered to show me out, as a dumb and senseless wanderer, when I came to myself, and began to catch sight of the King dimly through the edges of the glory which in my eyes surrounded the Princess.

"Pardon, father of Vanella the peerless," said I, "the stupefaction of one who indeed knew your daughter to be beautiful, but had no idea what a pretty girl she was. I never saw any princess who can hold a rushlight to her; and it was very sudden. I am better now."

"We are glad you are better," said the King, "and hope you will soon be well enough to tell us what you wish."

"I have come to marry Her Effulgent Perfectioness the Princess Vanella!"

"Yes?" said the King, with a slightly sarcastic air.

"Provided I can win her," I added. "And that we shall soon see."

I think the old man liked my courage. At

all events, he called me to him, and presented me to the Princess. For he was a very sensible ruler and an indulgent father; and he had no idea of marrying his daughter to any man she did not think worthy of her. So in all cases, permission had to be given by the Princess before the candidate could begin the ordeal. But so beautiful was Vanella, and so eager were the young nobility to win her hand, that they all looked handsome and daring when in her presence. I think I must have been attractive in those days, for Vanella says now that she never admired me more than when I was first presented to her. It was love at first sight on both sides. In fact, after we had conversed a few minutes, the Princess told me that she was "sorry the tests were so *awfully* difficult, and she did not care so *very* much about the goblet, after all, though of course she would *like* it, if it was not *too much trouble* to get it."

"No trouble at all," said I. "I would get it for you, even if you did not want it at all."

She looked pleased and then frowned.

"I mean," I added hastily, "I'd get it if you wanted it, even if you did not care whether I got it or not."

She seemed to understand me perfectly.

"I shall start after luncheon," I said. "And, before I go, is there anything else of the Khan's that you'd like? It's no bother to me to get you the whole treasury if you'd care for it."

"The goblet will do," she said, blushing charmingly, and looking at her father to see whether he was listening. He was not.

"Papa," said Vanella, "it's all right."

"Eh? What's all right?"

"He's going, after luncheon."

"Who is?"

"This young gentleman."

"Oh, yes," said the King. "Very well. I suppose he will get the goblet first. Yes? Well, then, good-by, my young friend. Good-by."

"Au revoir," I answered, in the Frankish mode.

"Can you not leave the parrot?" suggested Vanella. "I adore green parrots — of that particular shade of green, I mean!"

"With pleasure," I answered with a grateful glance. "May I ask you to allow it to remind you of me?"

"The color will help," said the King, a little maliciously, I thought. So I hurried away without further delay.

As there were no modern systems of rapid transit, I traveled speedily but comfortably toward Bijoutery, thinking so constantly of the Princess that I never reflected upon how I was to obtain possession of the goblet until I found myself upon the frontier. Then I was stopped by an outpost of the Khan's army.

"Who goes there?" he inquired, as he drew his bow and adjusted an arrow to the string.

"Goes where?" I asked, waking up from a brown study, for I was a little abstracted.

"Wherever you are going," he explained, lowering his bow.

"Why, I do, I suppose," I answered, a little annoyed by the question, which was absurd on the face of it.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want to marry the Princess Vanella," I said, absent-mindedly.

"Why don't you, then?" the soldier inquired, smiling indulgently.

"She has sent me to get the Khan's goblet," I said, for I had no wish to go about the enterprise in any underhand manner.

"I did n't know he was going to send it to her," said the sentinel.

"Perhaps he won't after all," I said frankly.

"Maybe not," answered the soldier; "he thinks a great deal of it. But I suppose she would n't have sent you unless she thought he would let you have it. Would she, now?" he asked. He seemed to be proud of his cleverness.

"Well, she might," I said, cautiously. "But if he does n't care to give it to me, he can say so."

"So he can," said the soldier. "I wish you good luck."

Thanking him for his kindness, I went on my way. It did n't occur to me until afterward that the soldier thought I was a mere messenger sent by the Princess according to some arrangement between the Khan and herself.

Once within the frontier, I had no further difficulty until I reached the Khan's castle. I attributed my good fortune thus far to the fact that I had minded my own business. It is so

much easier to go into a foreign country by yourself than it is to get in at the head of an army. My brother expected to be stopped, and he *was* stopped. I took it for granted that I could go in, and they let me in. It was very simple indeed.

Now another problem confronted me. Here was a strong castle built on a rocky promontory surrounded on three sides by the sea, and on the fourth defended by a lofty wall of hewn stone.

I went to the drawbridge gate and blew the trumpet.

"Hullo! Who 's there?" said a gruff voice.

"It 's a gentleman to see the Khan," I said.

"Where is he?" asked the voice, through an iron lattice.

"I am the gentleman," I replied.

"Go away, boy!" said the voice, and the latticed window was shut.

This was discouraging.

"What would the Princess say if she saw me now?" I thought, and then I returned to the gate and again winded the trumpet. No answer. I kept on winding the trumpet, but without result. At last, having blown so hard that I broke it, I was in despair.

I sat me down on the bank of the moat and threw stones into the water, with a strong desire to throw myself in after them.

Then I remembered the bit of parchment which the old woman had given me, and concluded it was time to use it. At first I hesitated, because I thought I should perhaps need the charm when I came to the other tasks which the King would set me. However, reasoning that I should never come to the second task until the first was performed, I drew out the bit of writing and read:

"IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, ASK FOR IT."

That was all it said. Bitterly disappointed, I flung it after the stones into the moat. But I could n't forget it. And as I began to think it over, I found the advice good.

"What is it I want to do?" I asked myself. "Why, to get at the Khan and his goblet." Now, the thing that stopped me was simply a stone wall and a locked gate; and I was n't anxious to get into the castle. I wanted to communicate with the gentleman of the house.



"HE CALLED ME TO HIM AND PRESENTED ME TO THE PRINCESS." (SEE PAGE 282.)

Nothing could be simpler. I still had my writing-materials, and in a few moments I had written a note and tossed it over the wall. It was as follows:

MOST NOBLE KHAN OF BIJOUTERY. SIR: I have broken the trumpet at the gate, and can't get an answer. I come directly from the princess Vanella, who wishes the great goblet which is decorated with amethysts. What are you afraid of? I am only a single young man without weapons, and promise not to hurt you. I await your answer. But if I do not receive some proper recognition within a reasonable time, I shall report your discourtesy to Princess Vanella and her royal father.

KABA BEN EPHRAF.

This letter was of course handed to the Khan as soon as it was picked up, and I was admitted at once to his presence.

He demanded an explanation of my letter, and I told him just how the matter stood.

"I did n't believe you would allow a paltry bit of glassware and jewelry to stand between a young man and happiness—especially when a lady had asked for it. In my own country, we never refuse any reasonable request a lady makes; and in spite of reports to the contrary, I knew you to be too brave and great a man to depend upon the possession of a few gems for

your renown. So, instead of bringing an army,—which, of course, you would easily defeat, thus causing much trouble and distress,—I thought I would see what you wished to do about it."

The Khan said not a word during my explanation. Then taking the crystal goblet from the top of his sideboard, he handed it to me, saying:

"Young man, you have my best wishes. You have acted like a gentleman in the whole matter. I believe your name is Kaba ben Ephraf, is n't it?"

I nodded.

"Well, was n't there a ben Ephraf whom I defeated a few months ago?"

"My brother," I explained.

"Yes, yes!" said the old gentleman. "He sent me a demand for the goblet, but as he did n't explain what he wished it for, of course I considered the message impertinent, and refused it. It is n't the gems I care for; but I do insist upon being approached in a proper spirit. I am fond of romance, myself, and if you and the Princess care to visit me some time, I'll show you my jewels. I have barrels of them. I am tired of them—so tired of them that I prefer paste for personal use."

I looked uneasily at the goblet in my hand.
 "Oh, that is all genuine," he said. "You are quite welcome to it. But," he added, after a pause, "when you come to the throne, there's a little province that abuts on my dominions, and if you could see the way to transfer it to me—why, favors between friends, you know—"

I begged him to receive the assurances of my wish to oblige him in any reasonable request, and we parted in the best of humor.

"By the way," said he, as he pressed my hand in parting, "that gatekeeper who called you 'boy'—"

"Oh, let it go," I said.

"He has already been beheaded, or something," said the Khan. "I'm sorry, if you would have preferred to forgive him."

"It's of no consequence," I said.



"TAKING THE GOBLET FROM THE SIDEBOARD, HE HANDED IT TO ME."

"None whatever," said the Khan good-humoredly. "Good-by."

I returned to the frontier in the Khan's private carriage, and had a pleasant trip back to the palace. Like many other distinguished people, the Khan had been misunderstood.

My meeting with Vanella was joyful, and she received the goblet with exclamations of admiration and gratitude.

The King invited me to stay to supper, informally; and we had the most delicious muffins I ever ate. The Princess has never been able to make them taste quite so good again. She says that they were then flavored with our first happiness; but I insist that it was simply a larger portion of sugar.

Next morning, bright and early, I announced to the King that I was ready for the second test.

"It is a sweet little puzzle," said the King. "My daughter has another name than Vanella, known only to herself and to me. We have vowed never to tell the name to any human being. You must find out by to-morrow morning what that name is."

I was much discouraged, and did not see how it was possible for me to perform this task. I returned to my own room in the palace and racked my brains in vain all day. There seemed no possible clue to the mystery, and the longer I thought of the difficulty of the task, the bluer I became. Just at nightfall there came a light footstep at my door and then a soft knock.

"Come in," I said in a hollow voice.

It was one of the Princess's attendants.

"The Princess Vanella's compliments," said the maiden, "and she says this parrot chatters so that she cannot sleep at night. She requests you to take charge of him yourself." She bowed and retired.

"She cares no longer for me or my presents!" said I, bitterly.

Then I put upon a table the golden cage in which the parrot was confined, and threw myself upon the divan without undressing.

"Alas!" I said bitterly, "I have deceived the Khan! I shall never be able to learn the name—and I can never give him the province he desires. Unhappy ben Ephraf!"

"Mrs. ben Ephraf!" said the parrot.

"Hush!" I said ill-naturedly.

"Vanella, Vanella; Strawberry, Strawberry!" repeated the parrot slowly and impressively.

It did not require a remarkably keen intellect to comprehend the Princess's kindly hint. I went cheerfully to sleep, slept soundly till morning, and awoke ready to resume the tests.

But when I had guessed the name "Strawberry," much to the King's surprise, Vanella

objected to putting me through any further trials, and as there was no reason for delay we were married within a few weeks.

We invited the Khan to the wedding, and he proved an excellent dancer and most agreeable conversationalist.

Vanella was delighted with him, and he sent her fourteen mule-loads of jewels as a wedding

present. My father also came to the wedding and gave me his hearty congratulations.

"You have won a prize, my son," he said.
And so it proved.

NOTE.—Any one who will give a green parrot a good home and kind treatment, may have one free by applying to Mrs. ben Ephraf at the palace, any week-day between eleven and three o'clock.

The Elf & the Dormouse

BY OLIVER HERFORD.

UNDER a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain
To shelter himself.

Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.

To the next shelter—
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool
Topped in two.
Holding it over him
Gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—
"Good gracious me!

Where is my toadstool?"
Loud he lamented.
—And that's how umbrellas
First were invented.



steed
coat
(if
so
S
ano
stor
sigh
the
men
well
at s



ELECTRIC LIGHTS AT SEA.

By J. O. DAVIDSON.



IN olden times the galleys or war-ships used by the Romans and the Carthaginians were driven along by oars and sails. They had neither guns, steam-power, nor the compass, and so must be steered cautiously from point to point of the coast on the way to their distant battle-ground (if the scene of a naval engagement can be so called).

Steering from one well-known headland to another by day was not so hard; but when storms arose, and the ship was blown out of sight of land, and the darkness of night fell on the sea, the mariner had many an anxious moment until daylight revealed once more some well-known landfall, as the first sight of land at sea is called by sailors.

The whereabouts of harbors in those times was shown at night by fires kept constantly burning on the nearest headland, or, when the coast was low, on a high tower near the entrance of the port, and sometimes on light-ships anchored off shore. Occasionally, if the port was a wealthy one; they built an immense stone tower called a "pharos," on the top of which wood-fires were kept burning day and night. These lights were visible from a great distance at sea; and the coasts at that time must have been pretty with these twinkling lights, the flaming pharos, and the lights upon passing ships.

As science taught the modern world to light its coasts with other and stronger lights of great power, these were used almost entirely by lighthouses; and war-ships, through all ages and down to within a few years, still used oil-lamps and common candles or "dips." Even the great Nelson, as he walked the quarter-deck

of the "Victory," did so by the light of lanterns. These were placed at the stern of the ship, and were very large; but, as far as giving light is concerned, they were not so good as the open wood-fires carried by the ancient Roman galleys. Some of the stern-lanterns used by the French and Spanish fleets which fought with Nelson were large enough to hold several men, and were of very elegant design and finish.

At length, however, electric lighting was invented. The maritime world, till then content with the old methods of lighting, soon blossomed and flashed with the radiance of electricity. Now, no first-class modern ship, whether a man-of-war or a passenger-steamer, is complete without its sets of inside lamps and outside search-lights, and the modern voyager has his own pharos, not only to warn others from his path, but to discover by night the rocky cape or wandering iceberg.

The electric search-light is so mounted that its rays can be swept for miles around the hori-

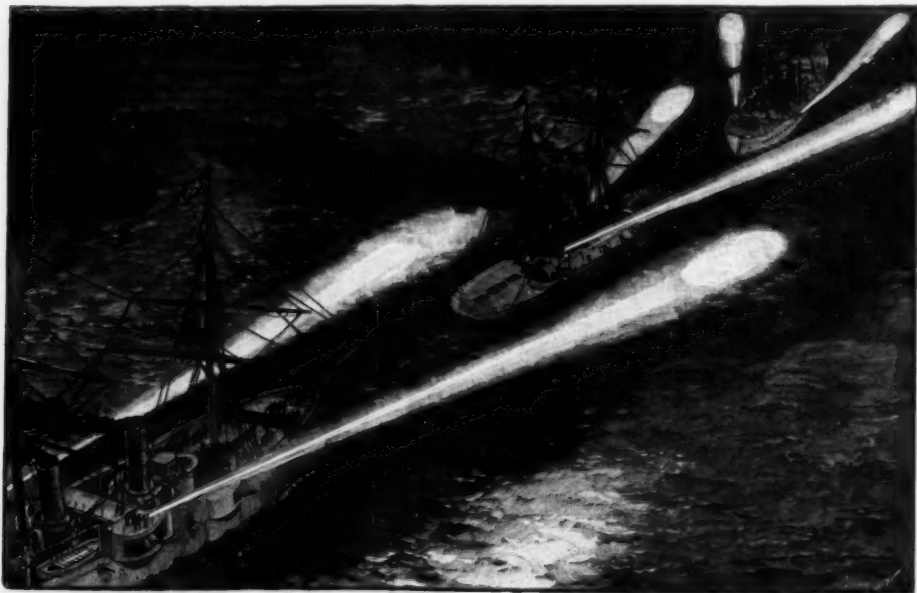
zon, spread out over a vast expanse of water, or narrowed down to a thread-like beam of light, revealing with blinding intensity everything within its range, and bringing up objects out of the darkness, with a silvery sheen beautiful to behold.

A fine exhibition of its splendid equipment of electric lights was recently given by the "White Squadron" on the Hudson River, near New York city; and some of those who paid taxes to build these vessels had an opportunity to see what our Navy Department had accomplished. It is safe to say that all who saw that wonderful display were convinced that no enemy could steal up undiscovered to attack those ships by night.

The picture shows several of these vessels moving "in line of battle," each lighting up with its friendly search-light the water beside the one ahead, and thereby making a bright strip around its companion vessel, through which no torpedo-boat could advance unseen.



AN OLD-TIME STERN-LANTERN.



THE SHIPS OF THE "WHITE SQUADRON" GUARDING ONE ANOTHER FROM NIGHT ATTACK.

WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[*Begun in the January number.*]

CHAPTER III.

GREEN PEACE.

NOT many children can boast of having two homes; some, alas! have hardly one. But we actually had two abiding-places, both of which were so dear to us that we loved them equally. First, there was Green Peace. When our mother first came to the place, and saw the fair garden, and the house with its lawn and its shadowing trees, she gave it this name, half in sport, and the title clung to it always.

The house itself was pleasant. The original building, nearly two hundred years old, was low and squat, with low-studded rooms, and great posts in the corners, and small many-paned windows. As I recall it now, it consisted largely of cupboards—the queerest cupboards that ever were, some square and some three-cornered, and others of no shape at all. They were squeezed into staircase walls, they lurked beside chimneys, they were down near the floor, they were close beneath the ceiling. It was as if a child had built the house for the express purpose of playing hide-and-seek in it. Ah, how we children did play hide-and-seek there! To lie curled up in the darkest corner of the “twisty” cupboard, that went burrowing in under the front stairs; to lie curled up there, eating an apple, and hear the chase go clattering and thumping by—that was a sensation!

Then the stairs! There was not very much of them, for a tall man, standing on the ground floor, could touch the top step with his hand. But they had a great deal of variety; no two steps went the same way; they seemed to have fallen out with each other, and never to have “made up” again. When you had once learned how to go up and down, it was very well, except in the dark, and even then you had only to remember that you must tread on

the farther side of the first two steps, and on the hither side of the next three, and in the middle of four after, and then you were near the top or the bottom, as the case might be, and could scramble or jump for it. But it was not well for strangers to go up and down those stairs.

There was another flight that was even more perilous, but our father had it boarded over, as he thought it unsafe for any one to use. One always had a shiver, in passing through a certain dark passage, when one felt boards instead of plaster under one's hand, and knew that behind those boards lurked the hidden staircase. There was something uncanny about it—

“O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted.”

Perhaps the legend of the hidden staircase was all the more awful because it was never told.

Just to the right of the school-room, a door opened into the new part of the house, which our father had built. The first room was the great dining-room, and very great it was. On the floor was a wonderful carpet, all in one piece, which was made in France and had belonged to Joseph Bonaparte, a brother of the great Emperor. In the middle was a medalion of Napoleon and Marie Louise, with sun-rays about them; then came a great circle, with strange beasts on it ramping and roaring (only they roared silently); and then a plain space, and in the corners birds and fishes, such as never were seen in air or sea. Yes, that *was* a carpet! It was here we danced the wonderful dances. We hopped round and round the circle, and we stamped on the beasts and the fishes, but it was not good manners to step on the Emperor and Empress—one must go round them. Here our mother sang to us; but the singing belongs to another chapter.

The great dining-room had a roof all to itself—a flat roof, covered with tar and gravel, and

railed in, so that one could lie on one's face and kick one's heels, pick out white pebbles, and punch the bubbles of tar all hot in the sun.

But, after all, we did not stay in the house much. Why should we, with the garden calling us out with its thousand voices? On each side of the house lay an oval lawn, green as emerald. One lawn had the laburnum-tree, where, at the right time of year, we sat under a shower of fragrant gold; the other had the three hawthorn-trees, one with white blossoms, another with pink, and a third with deep red, roselike flowers. Other trees were there, but I do not remember them. Directly in front of the house stood two giant Balm-of-Gilead trees, towering over the low-roofed dwelling. These trees were favorites of ours, for at a certain time they dropped down to us thousands and thousands of sticky catkins, full of the most charming silky cotton. We called them the "cottonwool trees," and loved them tenderly. Then, between the trees, a flight of steps plunged down to the greenhouse. A curious place this was—summer-house, hot-house, and bowling-alley all in one. The summer-house part was not very interesting, being all filled with seeds and pots, and dry bulbs, and the like. But from it a swing-door opened into—Elysium! Here the air was soft and balmy, and full of the smell of roses. One went down two steps, and there were the roses! Great vines, trained along the walls, heavy with long white or yellow or tea-colored buds; I remember no red ones. Mr. Arrow, the gardener, never let us touch the roses, and he never gave us a bud; but when a rose was fully open, showing its golden heart, he would often pick it for us, with a sigh, but a kind look, too. Mr. Arrow was an Englishman, stout and red-faced. Julia made a rime about him once, beginning,

"Poor Mr. Arrow, he once was narrow,
But that was a long time ago."

Midway in the long glass-covered building was a tiny oval pond, lined with green moss. I think it once had goldfish in it, but they did not thrive. When Mr. Arrow was gone to dinner, it was pleasant to fill the brass syringe with water from this pond, and squirt at the roses, and feel the heavy drops plashing back in one's upturned face. Sometimes a child fell into the

pond, but as the water was only four or five inches deep, no harm was done save to stockings and petticoats.

The bowling-alley was divided by a low partition from the hothouse, so that, when we went to play at Planets, we breathed the same soft perfumed air. The planets were the balls. The biggest one was Uranus, then came Saturn, and so on down to Mercury, a little dot of a ball. They were of some dark, hard, foreign wood, very smooth, with a dusky polish. It was a great delight to roll them, either over the smooth floor, against the ninepins, or along the rack at the side. When one rolled Uranus or Jupiter, it sounded like thunder—Olympian thunder, suggestive of angry gods. Then the musical tinkle of the pins, as they clinked and fell together! Sometimes they were British soldiers, and we the Continentals firing the "iron six-pounder" from the other end of the battle-field. Sometimes, regardless of dates, we introduced artillery into the Trojan war, and Hector bowled Achilles off his legs, or vice versa.

The bowling-alley was also used for other sports. It was here that Flossy gave a grand party for "Cotchy," her precious Maltese cat. All the cat-owning little girls in the neighborhood were invited, and about twelve came, each bringing her pet in a basket. Cotchy was beautifully dressed in a cherry-colored ribbon, which set off her gray satiny coat to perfection. She received her guests with much dignity, but was not inclined to do much toward entertaining them. Flossy tried to make the twelve cats play with one another, but they were shy on first acquaintance, and a little stiff. Perhaps Flossy did not, in those days, know the proper etiquette for introducing cats, though since then she has studied all kinds of etiquette thoroughly. But the little girls enjoyed themselves, if the cats did not, and there was a great deal of chattering and comparing notes. Then came the feast, which consisted of milk and fish-bones, and next every cat had her nose buttered by way of dessert. Altogether, the party was voted a great success.

Below, and on both sides of the greenhouse, the fertile ground was set thick with fruit-trees, our father's special pride. The pears and peaches

of Green Peace were known far and wide. I have never seen such peaches since, nor is it only the halo of childish recollection that shines around them, for others bear the same testimony. Crimson-glowing, golden-hearted, smooth and perfect as a baby's cheek, each one was a thing of wonder and beauty; and, when you ate one, you ate summer and sunshine. Our father gave us a great deal of fruit, but we were never allowed to take it ourselves without permission. Indeed, I doubt if it ever occurred to us to do so. One of us still remembers the thrill of horror she felt when a little girl, who had come to spend the afternoon, picked up a fallen peach and ate it, without asking leave. It seemed a dreadful thing not to know that the garden was a field of honor. As to the proverbial sweetness of stolen fruit, we knew nothing about it. The fruit was sweet enough from our dear father's hand, and, as I said, he gave us plenty of it.

How was it, I wonder, that this sense of honor seemed sometimes to stay in the garden and not always to come into the house? For as I write

the thought comes to me of a day when Laura was found with her feet sticking out of the sugar-barrel, into which she had fallen head foremost while trying to get a lump of sugar. She has never eaten a lump of sugar, save in her tea, since that day. Also, it is recorded of Flossy and Julia that, being one day at the Institution, they found the store-room open, and went in, against the law. There was a beautiful polished tank which appeared to be full of rich brown syrup. Julia and Flossy liked syrup; so each filled a mug, and then they counted one, two, three, and each took a good draught, — and it was train-oil!

But in both these cases the culprits were hardly out of babyhood, so perhaps they had not yet learned about the "broad stone of honor," on which it is good to set one's feet.

I must not leave the garden without speaking of the cherry-trees. These must have been planted by early settlers, perhaps by the same hand that planned the crooked stairs and quaint cupboards of the old house — enormous trees, gnarled and twisted like ancient apple-trees, and as sturdy as they. They had been grafted — whether by our father's or some earlier



THE HOME CALLED "GREEN PEACE."

hand I know not — with the finest varieties of "white-hearts" and "black-hearts," and they bore amazing quantities of cherries. These attracted flocks of birds, which our father in vain tried to frighten away with scarecrows. Once he put the cat in a bird-cage and hung her up in the white-heart tree, but the birds soon found that she could not get at them, and poor pussy was so miserable that she was quickly released.

I perceive that we shall not get to the summer home in this chapter; but I must say a word about the Institution for the Blind, which was within a few minutes' walk of Green Peace.

Many of our happiest hours were spent in

this pleasant place, the home of patient cheerfulness and earnest work. We often went to play with the blind children, when our lessons and theirs were over, and they came trooping out into the sunny playground. I do not think it occurred to us to pity these boys and girls deprived of one of the chief sources of pleasure in life; they were so happy, so merry, that we took their blindness as a matter of course.

Our father often gave us baskets of fruit to take to them. That was a great pleasure. We loved to turn the great globe in the hall, and, shutting our eyes, pass our fingers over the raised surfaces, trying to find different places. We often "played blind," and tried to read the great books with raised print, but never succeeded that I remember. The printing-office was a wonderful place to linger in; and one could often get pieces of marbled paper, which was



"LAURA WAS FOUND WITH HER FEET STICKING OUT OF THE SUGAR-BARREL." (PAGE 291.)

valuable in the paper-doll world. Then there was the gymnasium, with hanging rings, and its wonderful tilt which went up so high that it took one's breath away. Just beyond the gymnasium were some small rooms in which were stored worn-out pianos, disabled after years of service under practising fingers. It was very good fun to play on a worn-out piano. There

were always a good many notes that really sounded, and they had quite individual sounds, not like those of common pianos; then there were some notes that buzzed, and some that growled, and some that made no noise at all. And one could poke in under the cover and twang the strings, and play with the chamois-leather things that went flop (we have since learned that they are called hammers), and sometimes pull them out, though that seemed wicked.

Then there was the matron's room, where we were always made welcome by the sweet and gracious woman who still makes sunshine in that place by her lovely presence. Dear Miss M— was never out of patience with our pranks, had always a picture-book or a flower or a curiosity to show us, and often a story to tell, when a spare half-hour came. For her did Flossy and Julia act their most thrilling tragedies, no other spectators being admitted. To her did Harry and Laura confide their infant joys and woes. Other friends will have a chapter to themselves, but it seems most fitting to speak of this friend here, in telling of the home she has made bright for over fifty years.

Over the way from the Institution stood the workshop, where blind men and women, many of them graduates of the Institution, made mattresses and pillows, mats and brooms. This was another favorite haunt of ours. There was a stuffy but not unpleasant smell of feathers and hemp about the place. I should know that smell if I met it in Siberia! There were coils of rope, sometimes so large that one could squat down and hide in the middle, piles of hemp, and dark, mysterious bins full of curled hair, white and black. There was a dreadful mystery about the black-hair bin—the little ones ran past it with their heads turned away—but they never told what it was, and one of them never knew.

But the crowning joy of the workshop was the feather-room—a long room, with smooth clean floor; along one side of it were divisions, like the stalls in a stable, and each division was half-filled with feathers. Boy and girl readers will understand what a joy this must have been!—to sit down in the feathers, and let them cover you up to the neck, and be

a setting hen! or to lie at full length and be a traveler lost in the snow, Harry making it snow feathers till you were all covered up, and then turning into the faithful hound and dragging you out! or to play the game of "Winds," and blow the feathers about the room! But Old Margaret did not allow this last game, and we could do it only when she happened to go out for a moment, which was not very often. Old Margaret was the presiding genius of the feather-room, a half-blind woman, who kept the feathers in order and helped to sew up the pillows and mattresses. She was always kind to us, and let us rake feathers with the great wooden rake as much as we would. Later, when Laura was perhaps ten years old, she used to go and read to Old Margaret. Mrs. Browning's poems were

making a new world for the child at that time, and she never felt a moment's doubt about the old woman's enjoying them; in after years doubts did occur to her.

It was probably a quaint picture, if any one had looked in upon it: the long, low room, with the feather-heaps, white and dusky gray; the half-blind, withered crone, nodding over her knitting, and the earnest little child, throwing her whole soul into the "Romaunt of the Page," or the "Rhyme of the Duchess May."

"Oh! the little birds sang east,
And the little birds sang west,
Toll slowly!"

The first sound of the words carries me back through the years to the feather-room and old, blind Margaret.

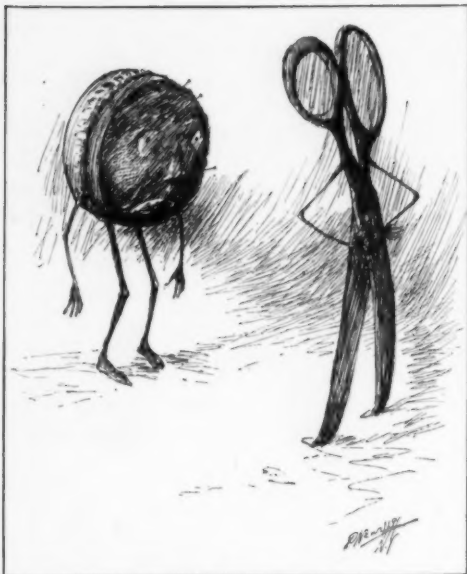
(To be continued.)



TAKEN ONE SECOND TOO EARLY: "PLEASE TAKE OUR PICTURES. I'LL STOP LAUGHING RIGHT AWAY!"



TAKEN ONE SECOND TOO LATE: A NAUGHTY BOY THROWS A SNOWBALL AS I PRESS THE BUTTON.



AN ALARMING STATE OF AFFAIRS.

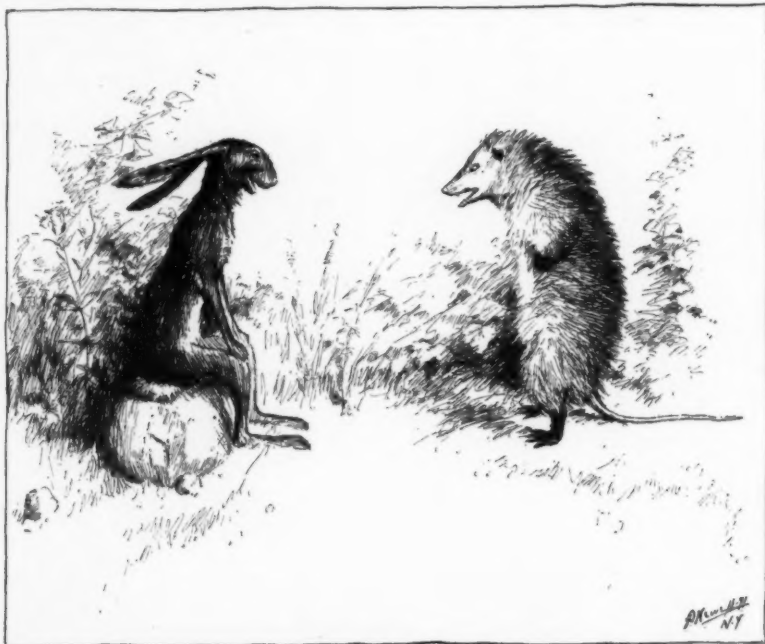
The Scissors: "Now what's the matter with you that you're looking so alarmed?"

The Pincushion: "Do you know, I've swallowed a pin!"



PECULIARLY APPROPRIATE.

R-r-r-r-rat-a-tat-tat, a-rat-a-tat-tat!
Is the national air of the rollicking rat.



FASHION NOTE.

Opossum: "What is new in Winter styles?"

Hare: "Ears and hind legs are to be worn long—tails short."

TWO GIRLS AND A BOY.

BY LIEUT. R. H. FLETCHER.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER III.

THE next day was Saturday, and a holiday for Mildred. Leslie Morton came to see her in the morning as she had said she would do. Mildred had made up her mind, the night before, that she would accept that challenge to run a foot-race with her, as soon as she came. But when she saw Leslie she felt so shy about it that she was glad the matter was not mentioned.

"I'm ever so glad that you came," said Mildred. "Let's go up-stairs, and I'll show you my play-room and my dolls."

Now if there was one spot in the old-fashioned, yellow-brick house on Sixteenth street that Mildred was fonder of than another, it was the attic up under the steep roof. It was all her own to do as she liked in, and all of her playthings were there. It was a very large room, indeed, with a low ceiling. The ceiling began at about four feet from the floor, and sloped up to the middle like a tent. At each end was a big brick chimney coming up from the floor on its way out through the roof, as if they were the tent-poles. Then on the side facing the street, where the roof sloped down, were the two queer little dormers, like passageways, ending in windows which opened out as shutters do. From these you could see the Capitol, and the Smithsonian Institution, and the Washington monument, and a great many other places.

In one of these little alcoves Mildred had put some doll's chairs, and a little bedstead and a bureau, and she had laid a piece of carpet on the floor.

"What a big, lovely room it is!" said Leslie, looking around the garret. "Why, you could have lots of fun up here!" And then she began to dance over the spacious floor until at last she stopped in front of Mildred again, quite out of

breath, and exclaimed, "That's fine! There's room enough to give a party. And would n't it make a splendid place for a theater, though? Charlie would make a theater out of it in a minute."

"Would he?" said Mildred, a little doubtfully. "Oh, but," she added, suddenly clapping her hands, "I have n't shown you my best doll!"

She was a blond doll, having curly flaxen hair, and blue eyes, and she was dressed in a black silk frock, which was very becoming to her.

"There," said Mildred, showing her to Leslie, "don't you think she's pretty? Her name is Marie."

"Is it?" said Leslie, just glancing at the doll. "Yes, she is pretty. You could swing a hammock up in here, too," she added, looking around.

"Have you got any dolls?" asked Mildred, feeling not quite satisfied with Leslie's interest in Marie.

"No," said Leslie, promptly. "I gave them all away, long ago. Oh!" she exclaimed, darting over to the window, "there's a pigeon!"

"Why did you give your dolls away?" said Mildred, slowly following her.

"Oh, because," said Leslie, laughing, "I'm too old to play with dolls any more. I never cared very much for them, anyway. Is that the Capitol, over there?"

"Yes," said Mildred. Then, while Leslie was staring out of the window, she looked down at the pretty Marie in her black silk dress. Somehow Marie did not seem such a treasure as she had seemed before. Mildred thought to herself that she was twelve years old now, and she felt a bit abashed to think that she had been so eager to show Leslie her dolls. She remembered, too, that some of the girls at school had laughed at her for playing with them. And old Mrs. Seller had met her once when she was wheeling her doll-carriage on the pavement and said, "Dear, dear, what

a big girl to be playing with dolls!" But old Mrs. Seller always was saying something disagreeable. Still, Mildred wondered whether Leslie thought her silly. Just then Leslie turned away from the window and said, "What shall we play?"

"I don't know," said Mildred. "I guess I don't care to play with the dolls. Maybe I am getting too old." But as soon as she had said this, Mildred repented it. She felt as if she had been disloyal to Marie and her other old playmates just to please this new friend. So she added quickly, while the color came into her face, "But I would n't give them away for anything in the world!"

"Why, what's the matter?" said Leslie, staring at Mildred's flushed face. "I did n't say anything about your dolls to hurt your feelings, did I? I did n't mean to."

"No," said Mildred, holding herself very straight, "but— but some of the girls at school do laugh at—at other girls for playing with dolls."

"Well, goodness!" burst out Leslie, "let them laugh. I guess it does n't hurt anybody. If I liked dolls and wanted to play with them, I'd play with them if all the girls in school were to stand up in a row and laugh till they cried. I guess they'd get tired of it before I would."

Mildred nodded her head in assent, too much overcome by Leslie's unexpected and sturdy sympathy and encouragement to say much.

"Oh," she said, suddenly awakening to the fact that Leslie was her guest, and it was her place to entertain, "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's play house. This window shall be your house, and this one shall be mine. And there are some old dresses and things in this trunk that mama lets me play with, and we will put them on, and then I'll come and call on you, and you can come and call on me—will you?"

"All right," said Leslie; "that will be fun."

"The things are in this trunk," said Mildred, going to a queer little trunk that stood in the corner of the attic with a lot of other trunks and boxes, a spinning-wheel, some disused furniture with spindle-legs, and all sorts of odds and ends. This particular trunk was made of cowhide with the hair on it, and all around the edges it was studded with brass-headed

nails, and on the end were the initials J. H. F. in brass-headed nails, and altogether it was very old-fashioned, and much worn and battered. Leslie had never seen a trunk like that, and its oddity was quite enough to start her laughter afresh.

"It belonged to my great-grandfather's brother," said Mildred, with dignity, "John Henry Fairleigh. He was a lieutenant in the navy ever so long ago."

"Was he?" said Leslie.

"Yes," said Mildred. "He was with Lieutenant Decatur in the war with Tripoli. All the other countries were afraid of Tripoli, 'cause the people there were pirates, and they paid them money to get them to leave them alone. But we did n't. We fought them, and made them leave us alone. And my great-grandfather's brother, he was in one of the ships that fought the pirates. It was named the 'Philadelphia.' And while it was running after the pirates it ran on a rock. And then the pirates came and took them all prisoners."

"Did they?" said Leslie, beginning to get interested. "What did they do with them? Cut their heads off?"

"No," said Mildred. "They took them on shore and kept them there."

"Then they could n't have been real pirates," said Leslie; "because real pirates would have cut their heads off, or made them walk the plank. I know, 'cause Charlie used to tell me all about them 'out of a book he had.'"

"Well, these did n't," said Mildred, shaking her head very positively; "and they were real pirates, too, because Amanda says they were. They just took them on shore and kept them there. And some of the pirates kept the ship, though they could n't get it to go, because it was stuck on the rocks. And Lieutenant Decatur he was on another ship, and one day he went away off, and got a boat that looked just like the boats the pirates had. And in the evening he sailed right up to the Philadelphia, and the pirates did n't know that he was an American, 'cause he was in one of their kind of boats. So then he jumped on the Philadelphia, and drove all the pirates into the sea."

"All by himself?" exclaimed Leslie.

"Oh, no," said Mildred; "he had some

other sailors with him. And then he set fire to the Philadelphia, and burned it up, and the pirates were so scared that they gave up my great-grandfather's brother and all the rest of the prisoners."

"What 's in the trunk?" asked Leslie. "Are there any of the pirates' things?"

"Oh, no," said Mildred; "only some old dresses that mama gave me for my dolls."

And Mildred opened the trunk and pulled out some faded finery that had been part of a ball-dress some fifty years ago, a black silk skirt, stained and torn, and other odds and ends that would have found their way into the rag-bag had not Mildred begged them for her dolls.

"Now," said Mildred, "you put on some, and I'll put on some."

And, laughing a great deal, they dressed themselves in the long skirts and tied pieces of lace and ribbons around their necks, and then Leslie began to parade around the room, singing:

"Hark! hark! The dogs do bark.
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

Just at that moment a strange voice was heard saying: "Hullo! May I come in?"

Mildred looked up with a little gasp, and saw a strange boy standing in the doorway.

"Why, Charlie Morton!" cried Leslie. "What are you doing here? Nobody asked you to come."

"Ma sent me for you," said the boy; "and the colored girl down-stairs told me you were up here, so up I came."

He was a nice-looking boy, tall and slender, with blond hair cropped close to his head, and gray eyes with black lashes, which made them look curiously dark. He had a rather large mouth like Leslie's, but otherwise he did not resemble his sister. He did not laugh at everything, as she did; on the contrary, he seemed rather solemn, so that when Mildred found him looking at her she was very much disconcerted, and began hurriedly to take off her ragged finery. But Leslie interposed, and said, "Oh, don't mind him."

"No," said the boy, "don't mind me. Go ahead with your fun. My goodness! what a jolly big room!"

"I don't believe ma wants me at all," said Leslie.

"Do you suppose I'd come tramping all the way up here after a little girl like you, if I did n't have to?" said her brother. "Don't flatter yourself, madam. I've too many other things to do."

"Honor bright?" said Leslie.

"Honor bright," said Charlie. "You're not polite," he added. "Why don't you introduce me to your friend?"

"Oh," said Leslie, "I forgot. Mildred, this is my brother, Charlie."

Then Mildred shook hands with the boy, and Leslie, bemoaning the necessity of having to go home so soon, began taking off her costume.

"This would make a gorgeous theater," said Charlie, looking around the room.

"There!" cried Leslie, stopping her work and looking at Mildred; "what did I tell you?"

By this time both of the girls were ready, and they all started down-stairs. When they reached the second floor, Leslie said, "I'll beat you down!" and sitting sidewise on the banister, she slid down the short length to the first landing where the steps made a turn.

"You tomboy!" said her brother.

Charlie shook his head disapprovingly, and said to Mildred, "I wonder what you think of her, at any rate?"

And Mildred, remembering what she had said of Leslie to her mother, blushed guiltily and did not reply.

"You see," said her brother, apologetically, "she's been petted and spoiled. She's been used to living in a garrison where she had all outdoors to play in, and the officers and men made a great deal of her. She will learn quieter ways after a while. I hope you'll like her. I know you will," he added; "everybody is fond of Les." Charlie said this as if he was ten years older than his sister, instead of three.

CHAPTER IV.

LESLIE was right when she said that she supposed that she would have to go to school, now that she was living in Washington. This had been the principal subject of conversation between her mother and Mrs. Fairleigh, on the day that Mildred and Leslie first met. And

when Mrs. Morton learned what school Mildred attended, she declared that she would send Leslie there, too. An omnibus, on the side of which was painted "Loring Seminary," went around each morning for the day-scholars, and brought them home in the afternoon. In this way Mildred met Leslie regularly, and soon they became quite intimate; and Mildred found, as Charlie had said, that she was beginning to

intimate with them than Mildred was, although Mildred had been going to the school for two years. Not that Leslie seemed to try especially to make friends; she was simply companionable, that was all. She was ever ready to laugh and talk with anybody and everybody, and consequently there was always a little group of girls around her.

Mildred, on the contrary, was somewhat shy



"AND WOULD N'T IT MAKE A SPLENDID PLACE FOR A THEATER, THOUGH!" LESLIE EXCLAIMED." (SEE PAGE 295.)

like Leslie. In fact Mildred was secretly a little surprised when she thought how quickly this friendship had grown. She had not a great many intimate friends, and those she had were among the children of families who, like her own, had lived in Washington a great many years; all of which friendships were very serious affairs with Mildred, the growth of her lifetime. Therefore she was surprised at the rapidity with which she and Leslie had become acquainted.

But she was still more surprised at the rapidity with which Leslie became friends with all of the girls of her own age in the school. A week after her entrance she knew them all by name, and in a month she was a great deal more

and reserved. As I have said, she had but few intimates whose arms would naturally slip around her waist for a confidential walk and talk during recess. Therefore, in Leslie's first few weeks at school, she quickly formed so many new and closer friendships with girls whom Mildred scarcely knew, that Mildred began to have less and less of her companionship. She had felt a little hurt at this, at first, and had let Leslie see that she felt hurt; but Leslie declared that it was not her fault. "Why don't you be more sociable?" she said. "What's the use of poking off by yourself, or with that haughty Blanche Howes all the time! You'd have lots more fun if you went with us, and I

try to get you to. You know I do. I keep asking you and asking you over and over, only you won't."

This was true. But it was not precisely what Mildred had in mind. She had expected that Leslie, being her friend, would be content to go with her alone, and not care for the society of all the other girls, too. But as Leslie did not seem to think of the matter in this way, Mildred did not like to explain it to her, so she said nothing at all.

Then Leslie said, "You're not angry with me, are you?"

"No," said Mildred; "of course not. You have a right to go with whoever you choose."

At the same time there was no denying that Mildred was secretly disappointed with Leslie.

But Leslie, on the contrary, was quite satisfied when Mildred said that she was not displeased. And when she was not visiting elsewhere, or having some girl visit her, she would run over to Mildred's house and play with her as usual. And after a while Mildred began to understand Leslie better, and to see that she could not fashion her friends on a pattern of her own, but would have to accept them as she found them.

Charlie, too, was now going to school. Before his father had been ordered to Washington he had been attending a boarding-school in New York. But now he was living at home and going to school in the city. He was preparing for college, and he had to study very hard; at least Charlie said so, although he seemed to have plenty of time for other matters.

One afternoon Mildred's mother had gone out, leaving Mildred alone; so she went to Leslie's house to ask Leslie to come and play with her. The servant told her that Leslie was in the library with her brother. This room was not exactly a library, but a place where Captain Morton had a desk and a few books, and it was here that the children studied their lessons. When Mildred opened the door, she found no one but Charlie there. He was lying on the rug with his chin on his hands, gazing at the fire.

"Come in!" he said, rising as he saw Mildred, and offering her a chair. "Are you looking for

Leslie? She just went up-stairs. Sit down; she'll be back in a minute."

Mildred by this time had become well acquainted with Charlie, so she sat down and, noticing a book lying on the rug, said, "What were you reading?"

"I was n't reading," he replied; "I was studying geometry, but I got to thinking, instead."

"What about?" said Mildred, with ready sympathy; for she herself had a habit of thinking when she ought to be studying.

"Well," said Charlie, dreamily, "I got to thinking what an awful lot there is in the world to learn. Now there's that geometry," he continued, touching the book with his foot; "that seems pretty hard when you're just beginning to tackle it, but it's nothing to algebra, and algebra is easy compared to trigonometry, I'm told, and trig. is just A, B, C to calculus, and when you get to calculus, you find you're just about ready to begin what they call higher mathematics. Same way with everything," continued Charlie, shaking his head at the fire. "Here I am studying just as hard as I can for college,—just to get ready for college, mind you,—and when I get to college I'll have to work like a horse for four years just to get ready for studying some profession. And I've heard my father say that a man sometimes does n't master his profession till he's forty. And here I am, only sixteen. It does n't seem worth the trouble, does it?" And Charlie looked up at Mildred so dolefully that she could not help laughing. "That's all right," he said; "you can laugh. You're a girl, and don't have to work as men do, you know."

"I did n't mean to laugh," said Mildred; "only you looked so funny. Don't you wish that you were a girl? Then you would n't have to study all those things?"

"Who! Me?" exclaimed Charlie, scornfully. "Not much, I don't!"

"But then you would n't have to study so hard, and learn a profession," persisted Mildred.

"Well, I'd rather study," said Charlie. "Besides that," he added, looking back at the fire, "when you come to think of it, it is n't so bad, after all. It's fun to find out about all sorts of things. It's like going into a strange land. You don't know what is before you,

nor what may happen to you. Who knows, maybe some day I might be looking at the fire like this and discover something very wonderful just as What 's-his-name did when he saw the steam lifting the lid of the kettle?"

"I don't see why you should n't," said Mildred, earnestly.

"Now that 's the way I like a girl to talk," said Charlie, looking up at Mildred approvingly. "That 's what I like about you; you 're not always making fun of a fellow. Now, some day, if I should ever become a great lawyer or engineer, or anything, I 'll call around on you, and say, 'Miss Fairleigh' (you 'll be a young lady then, you know), 'do you remember the afternoon we were sitting by the fire together in that house on Seventeenth street?'—and so forth. And you 'll say, 'Yes'; and I 'll say, 'Well, look at me now; I 'm a shining light in my profession!' And then you 'll say, 'Did n't I tell you so!' And you 'll ask me in and feed me on tea and sponge-cake." (These were two things of which Charlie was very fond.)

They both laughed at this brilliant flight of fancy, and then Mildred said: "But really, what are you going to be, Charlie?"

"I don't know," he replied. "My father wants me to be a civil engineer, but I think I 'd rather be an artist."

"What kind of an artist?" said Mildred.

"Why, a painter," said Charlie. "That 's the only kind of an artist I ever heard of. No, it is n't, either. Come to think of it, there 's a barber down on Pennsylvania Avenue who 's got a sign, 'Tonsorial Artist.' But I don't think I 'd like to be a barber," he added.

"Well, I should think not!" exclaimed Mildred, indignantly.

"I used to think that I would be a pirate," said Charlie. "That was ever so many years ago, when I was reading a book about pirates. And I made Les, who was a little thing then, walk the plank into a tub of water, and I got such a punishment for it that I never wanted to be a pirate since. But I think that I really should like to be an artist. I never showed you any of my pictures, did I?"

"No," said Mildred.

Then Charlie got up, and opening a drawer of his father's desk, took out a little portfolio and

handed it to Mildred. "They 're not very good, of course," he said; "but still—"

And he waited for Mildred to speak. The pictures were water-colors, and to Mildred they seemed beautiful, and so she told him frankly, at which Charlie blushed a little, and said:

"Pa says this one is pretty good. The cow is not quite right. I don't know what 's the matter with her, but she looks more like a zebra than a cow. Still, it 's the best of the lot. I don't suppose you 'd care to have it to stick up in your garret parlor, would you?"

"Do you mean to give it to me?" said Mildred, looking up in pleased surprise.

"Yes, if you care for it," said Charlie.

"Why, of course I care for it," said Mildred, enthusiastically. "But then," she added, "perhaps I ought not to take it, because your father thinks it is the best, and he might not want you to give it to me."

"Oh, that 's all right," said Charlie. "Pa has all he wants of my works of art."

At this moment Leslie came in.

"Why, Dreddy," she said ("Dreddy" was a name she had given Mildred), "I did n't know you were here. Has Charlie been showing you his pictures?"

"Yes," said Mildred, "and he has given me this. Is n't it pretty?"

"Why, Charlie Morton!" exclaimed Leslie, "you mean thing! You never gave *me* one of your pictures!"

"You never said you wanted one," said Charlie.

"I have, too!" retorted Leslie. "Lots of times; and I think you 're real mean!"

"You can have one now if you want it. Take your choice," said Charlie.

Then Leslie, laughing a good deal, appealed to Mildred for her opinion, and finally chose one, which she afterward left lying on a chair.

"Now, will you come over to my house?" said Mildred. "I want to show you what I am making for Christmas."

"May I come too?" said Charlie. "I 'd like to see it."

"It 's nothing that you 'd care to see," said Mildred. "It 's only a tidy."

"But I 'm a fine judge of tidies," said Charlie; "you'd better let me come."

So then they all went together to Mildred's house; and while Mildred was in her room getting the tidy, Leslie and her brother went up to the attic. Mildred kept the tidy hidden away very carefully, because it was to be a surprise for her mother, and so it took her some little time to get it. When she finally went upstairs to rejoin them, she heard them talking together, and when she went in the room she heard Charlie say, "Hush! here she is now," and they both stopped talking, and Leslie began to laugh. Then her brother said, "Now, remember! You've promised!"

"What is it? What's the matter?" said Mildred, looking from one to the other.

"It's a secret!" cried Leslie, dancing up and down.

"Is it about me?" said Mildred.

"Yes," said Leslie, nodding her head several times.

"Now, Leslie," said her brother, "that's not fair!"

"I don't like you to have a secret about me," said Mildred.

"Oh, but it's a nice secret," said Leslie, "and you'll know some day."

"Is that the tidy?" said Charlie. "Let me see. Why, I think that's very swell. How did you make all those holes in it?"

"Holes!" shouted Leslie. "That shows how much boys know about such things. Those are not holes."

"I don't believe you know any more about it than I do!" said Charlie. "You never do any of that kind of work."

"Well, but I can," said Leslie. "That's what you call drawn-work, and you pull the threads out to make it. Don't you, Dreddy?"

Mildred nodded her head. She was thinking about the secret.

"Well, I think you are very clever to make it," said Charlie. "Will you have it done in time for Christmas?"

"Of course," said Mildred; "this is only November, and it does n't take very long. Christmas won't be here for a month yet. Only I've got other things to make."

"What do you do on Christmas?" said Leslie. "Do you have a Christmas tree?"

"No," said Mildred, "but I get lots of pres-

ents, and have lots and lots of fun." And her brown eyes sparkled at the thought of it.

"I don't believe we'll have a good time at all this Christmas," said Leslie, gloomily. "In garrison we always had a splendid time. Oh, say, Charlie!" she suddenly exclaimed, "do you remember that Christmas at Fort Jones? The snow," she continued, turning to Mildred, "was that deep on the parade-ground," and she held her hand about two feet from the floor. "And in the drifts it was 'way over your head. And the mail-rider had to go on snow-shoes all the way to Crazy Dog station. And the freighters were snowed up so that all the things we had sent for for Christmas did n't get to the post—oh, for ever so long after Christmas. But we had a lovely time, just the same. All the officers and everybody got together and fixed us up a Christmas tree. Charlie, don't you remember Mr. Hartley,—he was quartermaster, you know."

"We made everything ourselves that we put on the tree," said Charlie. "And there were presents for everybody, grown people as well as the children. Mr. Saddler, he got a gingercake doll, and pa got a great big pair of moccasins. Mr. Sabrely was the cleverest, though. He made Leslie a set of dolls' furniture—everything, parlor and bedroom and dining-room; it was awfully nice. And he made me a base-ball. And he got a lot of new tin from the quartermaster and cut it in thin strips—you know how tin curls up when you cut it with shears—and he hung those little curls on the tree, and they shone just as bright and looked as pretty as the real things you buy in a store. And he made for the tree a lot of little flags, out of silk."

"Oh, we had all sorts of things," Charlie went on. "I don't remember half of them. We had the tree in a big log-house they used for a theater or ball-room, or anything like that. It was all decorated with evergreens, and flags, and guns, and sabers. And the tree looked fine. We had lots of pop-corn and made strings of it, and one of the officers,—I don't remember now who it was,—he got some glue and some powdered mica out of the quartermaster's stores, and he dipped apples and nuts in the glue and then powdered them with mica, so that they looked as if they were covered with frost."

"I should n't think you 'd want to eat them after that," said Mildred.

"We did n't mean to eat them, goosie," said Leslie; "they were to hang on the tree."

"Oh!" said Mildred.

"Then we bought a lot of candles from the commissary," continued Charlie, "and painted them red, and blue, and all sorts of colors, and stuck them up on the tree; only they kept falling down all the time, and they had to put two soldiers there to look out for them. And after that we had a dance. Old O'Shaughnessy, of pa's troop, played the fiddle, and one of the music-boys out of D company played the flute, and Smith played the guitar. You remember Smith, don't you, Les? He deserted the next spring."

Leslie nodded her head in assent.

"What is 'deserted'?" asked Mildred.

"Ran away," said Charlie. "He was in the guard-house half the time. But he could play the guitar beautifully."

"And after the dance," Leslie chimed in, "we had supper. It was nearly all commissary things, but it was pretty nice—all except the ice-cream. Mr. Saddler tried to make that out of condensed milk and snow, and it was *horrid*."

"I tell you what," said Charlie, shaking his head thoughtfully, "that was a hard winter. We were snowed in for nearly four months, and 'most all the cattle on the ranges died, and even the coyotes would come right into the post at night, and sit on the parade-ground and howl, 'cause they were so hungry. But we had a pretty good time. The soldiers used to have a show nearly every week, and sometimes the officers would give one. Oh, say! I tell you," he exclaimed suddenly, "why can't we get up some charades, or something?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Leslie, clapping her hands.

"How do you mean?" said Mildred. "I don't understand."

"Did n't you ever act in a play?" said Leslie. "It 's more fun! I acted once in a play that Mr. Sabrely wrote, called 'The Last Nail in the Shoe; or, the Farrier's Ruse.' That was at Fort Gila, ever so long ago. I was the farrier's daughter, and Charlie was my brother, and we were lost out on the plains, and had to sleep out there, and Charlie took off his coat

and put it over me, and the audience all applauded like anything! Did n't they, Charlie?"

"Yes," said Charlie, "only 'Rags' spoilt it all. Rags was a little spaniel that Mr. Sabrely gave Les," Charlie explained to Mildred. "He was only a puppy and did n't have much sense, and when he saw Les and me lying there on the stage, he thought we were playing, and he ran up and began to bark at us, and got hold of a corner of the coat, and pulled and tugged at it, and tried to get it away from Les, and then everybody commenced to laugh. But say, I don't see why we can't get up a play. There 's Mildred, and you, and me, and we can get Frank Woods, and one other girl, and that will be enough."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mildred, drawing back, "I can't act."

"Yes, you can," said Charlie. "I know you can. That 's one thing that made me think of it. Have n't you noticed, Les, that whenever Mildred gets interested in anything she's saying that she makes little gestures with her hands and her head. That 's all that you 've got to do when you act. I never could get Les to do it. Why, the way you said you could n't act, just now, was fine. 'Good gracious, I can't act!'" and Charlie drew himself back and threw up his hands in imitation of Mildred, so that Leslie laughed, and Mildred blushed, but then laughed, too, and was rather pleased than otherwise.

"But I don't think mama would let me," she said.

"Oh, yes, she would," said Leslie.

"But I 'd be afraid," said Mildred. "I would n't like to do it before a whole lot of people."

"But there won't be a whole lot of people," said Charlie. "Only your mother and father, and my mother and father, and girls and boys that we all know. It 's all right, at home. Ma would n't let us act except at home, or in a garrison where we know everybody. You ask your mother. I know she won't mind. And then," continued Charlie, growing quite enthusiastic over the idea, "this would be a splendid place to have theatricals up here. And you 've got so many jolly things we could use,—that old spinning-wheel and those old dresses. I believe

I could write a play myself, and make it take place a long time ago, when they used spinning-wheels, and the men wore wigs and gold-lace on their coats, and the ladies powdered their hair, and all that, like those pictures you've got downstairs. We'd look fine, I tell you!" and Charlie nodded his head several times in admiration of their appearance. "Ask your mother, will you?"

"Well, yes," replied Mildred, doubtfully. "I'll ask her, but really I don't believe she will like me to do it."

"Well, I'll tell you," said Charlie. "When she comes home, we'll all go down and ask her. How would that do?"

"All right," said Mildred, somewhat relieved; "that's what we'd better do, 'cause I don't know enough about it to explain it to mama."

"What do you call her 'mama' for?" said Leslie. "Why don't you call her 'ma'?"

"Why, because," said Mildred, "I've always called her 'mama.' There she is now," she continued, as the front door was heard to close.

"All right," said Charlie; "you go down first. Maybe some one is with her."

So Mildred went, and finding her mother alone, delivered her message. Then she came out, and calling to Charlie and Leslie, who were leaning over the banisters, they all went in together.

(To be continued.)

Crooked Dick

A. D. 1483.

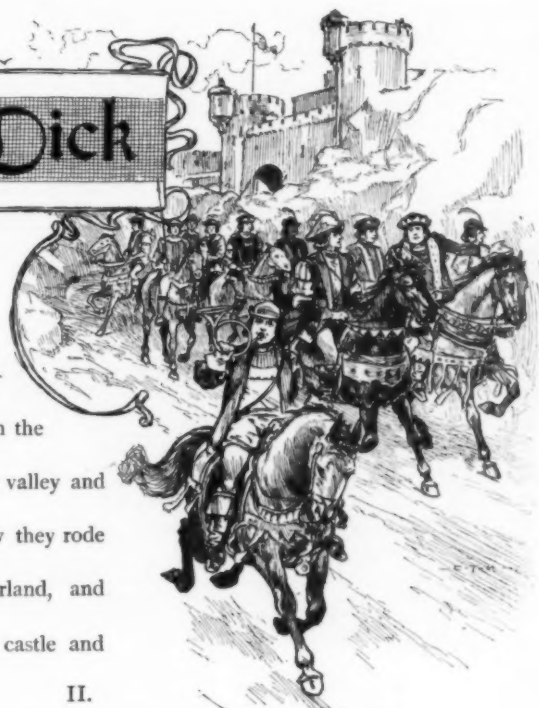
BY ANNA ROBESON BROWN.

I.

ERE yet the might of England had triumphed o'er her woes,
Ere on the field of Bosworth had blown the Bloody Rose,
King Richard Third rode hunting, o'er valley and o'er fell,
With twenty gallant gentlemen; I trow they rode full well!
There was Catesby, and Northumberland, and Norfolk stout and bold,
With seven other English peers, from castle and from wold.

II.

They chased the deer from thicket thro' bracken and thro' glade,
With yelping hounds and trampling steeds the forest pathway made;
They drave the deer o'er stony crags, 'neath mighty fern and tree,
Till the weakest strained them forward and drew breath pantingly,—



But, lo! the King's horse staggers, and his rider, spent at last,
Sees the chase go sweeping by him, ever faster and more fast,
And the tottering steed, now struggling in the agonies of death,
Throws his master on the greensward,—helpless, senseless, without breath.

III.

But little hands have raised him, and soft voices whisper low,
While on his misty eyesight now the leafy arches grow;
Two "children of the forest," clinging, timid, sorely shy,
Bring the fallen hunter's senses from the death he else might die.
"Wind the horn, child!—Norfolk! Catesby!—'T is no use, the chase is hot!
But they must return to seek me, so I will not leave this spot.
Ah, what mishap! Brave White Surrey, strong of limb, and keen of sight,
You would never leave your master here, in this confounded plight!"
The wide-eyed children, wond'ring at the trappings rich with gold,
Never heed the restless glances, and the cruel eye, and cold,
For the glance toward them was softened and the harsh voice gentler grew,
As he said, with hand extended to the pair that nearer drew,



"Ah, little ones, I thank ye for a kindly deed, in truth!
Tell me your names, I pray you?" "I am Edwyn; this is Ruth.
What is yours?" The guileless question makes the dark smile keen and quick.
"Mine you ask? You see it on me. People call me 'Crooked Dick.'"



"COME, LITTLE ONE, TAKE YOU THIS PURSE AND GIVE IT TO POOR JOAN." (SEE PAGE 306.)

For I bear my shoulders weighted with a weight of bitter woe;
Are n't you frightened at a cripple?"

Quick the answer: "Frightened? No."

"Why, there are Joan and Margery"—they said, in loving tone,

"There 's nobody in all the shire that has not heard of Joan.

She 's on her couch the livelong day, and all night racked with pain.

We children bring her marigolds to make her well again.

She tells us fairy-stories, and she knows each flower's name,

While she draws us pretty faces, and never two the same.

And she sits out by the cottage door, all in the yellow sun,

And sings us merry ballads—oh, Joan is full of fun!

And mother says," the voice was awed, "the King 's a cripple too!

And has a big hump on his back, and suffers just like you!

And you know, sir,—oh, you must know, that his Majesty the King
Is the greatest man in England, and the head of everything!"

IV.

The huntsman cleared his throat and laughed, a loud laugh and a long,
And a robin swinging overhead stopped suddenly his song,

For the laugh was not a merry one. "The King's a cripple, eh?
And does he, too, bear his burden with patience day by day?"
"Oh, sir, you're laughing at me; I'm but a little thing.
Of course, there's no one in the land so good as is our King!
Why, everybody honors him,—in church his name is read;
I always say, 'God bless the King,' before I go to bed!"

V.

A clatter in the bushes, a hurried, panting breath,
The trample of a speeded horse, a courtier white as death.
"My liege! you're safe?"—he cried, and dropped in haste on bended knee;
"The others follow fast, my horse the swiftest carried me.
We thought you lost!—"

"Begone at once! and leave us here alone!

Come, little one, take you this purse and give it to poor Joan,
From a cripple to a cripple,—and remember 'Crooked Dick'
The mischief take this dusty day, the very air is thick!"
He stooped and kissed the upturned mouth, left in the hand a ring
Bearing the arms of England, the signet of the King!
Then, turning not to right or left, strode silently away,
Half blinded by a something which was not the dusty day.

VI.

The two ran home in wonder. "Oh, Father, Father, see!
We met a huntsman in the woods, and this he gave to me!
His dress was of green velvet, his housings all of gold,
And he kissed me very kindly, although his eyes were cold—
But, Father!" here the brown eyes filled, the voice with sobs grew thick,
"He says that people laugh at him and call him 'Crooked Dick'!"





A STRIKE IN THE NURSERY.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLKS.

Five Plays

Five little holes in **B**aby's shoe,
Five round buttons to slip through.

First one says -
Second one says -
Third one says -
Fourth one says -
Fifth one says -



?? **I**ll begin??
 ?? **L**et me in!??
 ?? **I** can try??
 ?? **O**h, how high??
 ?? **R**oom for me??

Then pops his head up just to see!

A RECORD OF MASTER HARRY'S UPS AND DOWNS.

By L. N. W.

It had often occurred to the writer of this paper that a vast field for research lay open to the student who would devise a system or method by which to gage the spirits of people.

With such a system we should not say, on being asked how we were, "Pretty well," "Quite well," or "So-so," but we should be able to reply to our friends' inquiries that we were at 20, 40, or 60, as the case might be.

Now, without any idea of offering such a system, the author has recorded here simply a few facts which took place in a certain family — which we will call the Thompsons.

Mrs. Thompson, with her daughter Seraphina Angelina, had decided upon paying a visit to relatives at some distance, leaving behind the head of the family and the two boys, Alfred, aged fifteen, and Harry, aged nine years. Before her departure Mrs. Thompson had serious misgivings as to the state of the spirits of the family during her absence, and repeatedly urged each one left behind to "be sure to write." Her husband promised faithfully to keep her advised as to the state of affairs, and to this end it was decided, after consultation with Alfred, that the spirits of the family might be faithfully recorded from the emotions of Harry; for it was self-evident that if he was not down-hearted the others would be all right. Then again, Harry, being the youngest, and free from outside cares, would not be affected by causes which might disturb the other members of the family. Thus, silence on the part of the head of the family, or absent-mindedness at the breakfast-table, might be due to anxiety for the welfare of the recently planted strawberries, but this would have no effect whatever upon his general spirits when recalled to himself. Or, in the case of Alfred, a tendency to rise discontentedly from the breakfast-table, or to look serious, might be due to anxiety on his part as to how long the home-made bread would last; whether there was

in the kettle water enough to wash the dishes; whether he could pick and shell peas enough for dinner in time to cook them that day, and so on. But if Harry was observed to eat his breakfast slowly, to sit still in his chair after having pushed it back from the table, or to stand by the side of his papa's chair with a pensive, far-off look in his eyes, then the spirits of the family took a downward course. When, on the other hand, Harry forgot to shut the door after him, put very large pieces of bread into his mouth, or whistled at table, then the spirits of the family were certainly rising.

The chart shows the rise and fall during the first week of Mrs. Thompson's absence.

EXPLANATION OF THE CHART.

THE curve starts at 50 on Monday, the day of his mother's departure, descending rapidly, toward evening, and reaching the lowest point about eight o'clock, shortly after the departure of the train, when the curve indicates 10.

On Tuesday there was a slight improvement, and the curve rises to 20, which improvement was maintained throughout the day.

The rise to 30 on Wednesday morning was due to a decided improvement in the weather and to the prospect of remunerative employment next day in a neighbor's garden. There was a steady improvement during the day, so that the curve reached 40 at night.

Thursday there was a steady and continuous rise. In the morning Harry and his particular chum, Billy Brown, each made ten cents by weeding the neighbor's garden; at noon a fine dinner was prepared by Alfred, consisting of peas from the Thompson garden, and there was said to be a prospect of beans from the same source on the following day. In the afternoon Harry's father employed the two boys in his garden, so that in the evening Harry was possessed of the sum of twenty cents. A part

of this sum he expended on cakes; with the rest he bought a so-called "Fisherman's Outfit," and closed the day with a curve record of 70.

Thursday's high mark was maintained on Friday morning, as it was a perfect day. The fishing-tackle was tested, in company with two young friends, on a neighboring pond. At noon, however, there was a fall to 60, due to the fact that it was not deemed wise to allow him to go fishing again in the afternoon; but

being due, possibly, to a reaction from the previous evening's excitement. It rises to 80 in the evening, after an afternoon spent on the pond with papa and Alfred, and a trip down-town.

This high point is maintained throughout Sunday; but on Monday morning there is a decided fall, as it was very hard to induce him to eat any breakfast. Alfred suggested that the line should not go too low on this occasion, as he thought the depression was largely



THE CHART, SHOWING THE VARIATIONS OF MASTER HARRY'S SPIRITS WITHIN SEVEN DAYS.

the curve rises to 90 in the evening, when he went out to tea at the Rectory, where he conducted himself beautifully. He had water-ice for the first time, and was delighted when he found that a whole plateful of bonbons had been provided for his special benefit. The curve on this night would have gone up to 100, but it was found that this point could not be reached until his mother's return, for, on the way home, being asked if he had not had a royal good time, he said, "Yes, I had a lovely time, and I think all the Rectors are lovely, but — I'd like to see mama."

The curve falls to 70 on Saturday morning, this

due to the fact that Harry was up quite late on the preceding evening; he also stated that he had observed similar depressions even when their mother was at home. However, in spite of the fact that the curve went down to 40, the recovery was rapid, so that at noon — the end of the first week — Harry is found seated under the awning, his friend by his side, a large tin dish containing half of a good-sized watermelon on his knee, and, as he slices it up, calling to his father, who is just leaving the house, "I shall want a pretty high mark now, Papa." So Mr. Thompson has no hesitation in putting him up as high as 90.



BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

THEY sent me to bed, dear, so dreadfully early,
I had n't a moment to talk to my girlie;
But while Nurse is getting her dinner, down-stairs,
I 'll rock you a little and hear you your prayers.

Moderato.

Cud-dle down, dol-ly, Cud-dle down, dear! Here on my shoulder you've nothing to fear.

That's what Mama sings to me ev-ery night, Cud-dle down, dol-ly dear, shut your eyes tight!

Not comfor'ble, dolly?—or why do you fidget?
You 're hurting my shoulder, you troublesome midget!
Perhaps it 's that hole that you told me about.
Why, darling, your sawdust is trick-ker-ling out!

We 'll call the good doctor in, right straight away;
That can't be neglected a single more day;
I 'll wet my new hankchif and tie it round tight,
'T will keep you from suffering pains in the night.

I hope you 've been good, little dolly, to-day,
Not cross to your nursie, nor rude in your play;
Nor dabbled your feet in those puddles of water
The way you did yesterday, bad little daughter!
Oh, dear! I 'm so sleepy—can't hold up my head,
I 'll sing one more verse, then I 'll creep into bed.

Legato.

Cud-dle down, dol-ly, here on my arm, Nothing shall frighten you, nothing shall harm.

Slowly and softly.

Cud-dle down sweetly, my lit-tle pink rose, Good angels come now and guard thy re- pose.



ÉLECTRICITÉ BIEN APPLIQUÉE.

(A Jingle in French.)

BY KATE ROHRER CAIN.

Je chante de ma poupée française,
Qui n'a jamais des humeurs mauvaises!
Elle est toujours très gaie,
Elle parle ou se tait
Comme je veux—elle est "Edisonaise."



FROM "FIDO."

A LETTER FROM A PET DOG.

ST. NICHOLAS: I am a pet dog named Fido. I belong to a little girl whose name is Sally. She has always been very good to me, and I never snap nor growl at her, for I do not need to. But I have some young puppies to bring up, and do not like the way she treats them. I am too shy to speak to her about this; but, as she reads your magazine, I have made up my mind to write you a letter so that you can print it. Then she will read it, and it will make her stop doing the things I do not like.

While puppies are small it is good for them to sleep nearly all the time. Now, as soon as I have put mine to sleep, Sally is sure to come and take one of them to play with. What would she think if I went up to the nursery and took her baby sister out of the cradle to play with?

One day she took "White Nose," my smallest puppy, and carried him into the hall. Here she sat down in grandpa's big chair, took a lump of sugar from the bowl, and tried to make White Nose eat it! Was n't she silly? It made my mouth water to see her waste good sugar on a puppy that had no teeth. I tried to show her that it was better for me to eat sugar than to let White Nose have it. I even sat up and begged for it. White Nose only kicked at it with his fat little legs, and was afraid the sugar would bite him.

I hope Sally, after she reads my letter, will see that it is best to give sugar to big dogs, and to let little puppies sleep until they have some teeth.

Your friend,

FIDO.





"SHE TRIED TO MAKE WHITE NOSE EAT THE SUGAR."

TOY VERSES.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



The Card Castle.

UP in the high card castle
There sat a princess fair.
The castle was enchanted;
No toy could enter there.
The paper-dolly princess
Could see far, far away
The floor and nursery closet,
And all the toys at play;

And, sitting in the castle,
She heard their cheerful stir,
But not a toy among them
Would come to rescue her.
Now hark! she hears a sighing,
Yet nothing can she see.
Then some one softly whispers,
"I come to rescue thee."

"Who is it," asks the princess,
"Has dared to hither come?"
"I am the wind," it answers.
"I'll bear thee to my home."
Now—puff!—out through the window
He and the princess fly,
While on the nursery carpet
The cards all scattered lie.

The New Toy and the Clock .

THE busy, happy little clock
Hangs just above the shelf ;
The toys can hear it every day
Still singing to itself.

One time a china figure came ;
She had been bought that day ;
Too lonely and too strange to rest
She longed to run away.

The other toys were fast asleep,
'T was dark as it could be,
But all the while the nursery clock
Kept singing cheerfully.

It cheered the lonesome little toy,
And so she slept ere long,
And in the morning, when she woke,
She still could hear that song.

" I 'd rather be that cheerful clock,"
The china figure thought,
" Than be the very finest toy
That ever money bought !"



The Music Box .



HE music-box is not at all
Like any other toys ;
There are no games that it can play
With little girls and boys.

Sometimes upon the bureau
It stays for days and days,
But, oh ! when once it has been wound,
Such pretty tunes it plays.

And sometimes, when the little girl
Is snugly tucked in bed,
Between the sheet and bolster,
It lies beneath her head.

Like far-off fairy music,
It tinkles faint and clear ;

It plays until she 's fast asleep,
And can no longer hear.

It 's only meant for quiet times,
Or when the hour grows late ;
And yet it 's such a gentle toy,
It 's quite content to wait.



THE LETTER-BOX.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT requests us to say that he is now enjoying a brief vacation rest. He will address his congregation as usual, next month, and he hopes for a large attendance.

CHESHIRE, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We live beside the river Mersey; we can see the many Atlantic steamers that pass. The stories I like best are "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford" and "The Land of Pluck." We have got a spaniel dog called "Bruce." We live just opposite the Liverpool docks. Sometimes we go to see the large steamers.
Yours, etc. NEIL CAMPBELL S—.

PORTLAND, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy ten years old. In the winter we live in Portland, and in the summer at Cape Elizabeth. The Cape is a very nice place, with its green fields and meadows, its trees, ponds, and brooks. There are trees in our grounds that are centuries old. Once papa made me a boat, and I took it down to the brook and got in it. I was sailing around as nice as could be, when over I went and got wet through! We have a camera and we take lots of pictures, mama and I. I have n't any children to play with in summer, but I have a bicycle, and we have a horse named "Don" and a dog named "Rover." The other day papa and I went fishing. The fish were so plenty that as fast as we could bait our hooks we would pull up a fish, and got a big basket full in an hour. I have taken your magazine ever since I was four years old, and think it is the best magazine I ever read. Yours very truly,

PHILIP H. C—.

SALEM, OR.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the capital of a State which is known but little in the East, but is, nevertheless, one of the greatest States in the Union, viz.: Oregon. Salem has a population of about 15,000, and is beautifully situated on the Willamette River.

It has an excellent public-school system, besides a university.

It contains many of the State institutions, and is a place of great attraction to Eastern people, and many emigrants settle here.

"Vive la St. NICHOLAS!"

Your admiring reader, GUY C. M—.

BAY CITY, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Peruvian girl, and all is new to me in this country. I am seven years old. I came from Lima, Peru. Lima is a beautiful city, but small in comparison to New York. When I came, in April, I did not know how to speak a word of English. Our trip lasted seventeen days. I have been in New York for a good while. Now I am in Bay City with my Aunt Kate and Uncle Dan. My sister Anna R. B. wrote two years ago to you.

Your little friend, SOPHY CARROLL B—.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you six years, and in all that time I have seen only one letter from Russia.

I am an American boy, but we have lived here over six years, and so I am tolerably Russified by this time. As I think the American summer is much better than the Russian one, I will not write anything about it; but I am sure some of your many readers would like to hear something about the winter here.

Before the real winter we have what is called the "little winter," a few days of snow and frost. The real winter lasts usually about seven months, during which time we have snowfalls about every four days, and sharp frosts. We can very rarely make snowballs, for the snow is frozen so hard as to become like dry powder.

We have a great deal of skating and tobogganing here in winter. Our hills are made like tobogganing hills, only they are paved with ice, and the sleds are iron, with cushions. The sledges are very low, with curved-up fronts, behind which the driver is seated, thus protected from the flying snow. Sometimes private sledges have nets in front. The passengers sit back of the driver, all muffled up in furs, for it is not at all uncommon to have the thermometer register 5 degrees above zero.

I remain your constant reader,

ERNEST C. R—.

THE LODGE, LONGFORD, IRELAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl six years old. Mama buys you for us every month, and my brother, who is five, and I love you very, very much. We think the American books are much nicer than the English ones. Mama read us a letter from a little American girl, and I think little American girls and boys must be very clever. My big sister is helping me; she rules the lines. This is the first long letter I have written, but I had to write to say how I love you. Your little friend,

MIMI F—.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last week mama gave me a surprise in bringing me home the first and second parts of ST. NICHOLAS for 1891.

I have read many nice and interesting books before, but I have to confess that the ST. NICHOLAS takes the prize of them all. Two of the best stories I have read in it are "Toby Trafford" and "Lady Jane." I am very anxious to get the next number of ST. NICHOLAS. Very truly yours,

W. S—.

ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to a gymnasium and my cousin fell and broke her arm once, we have lots of fun playing ball down there.

I go to Lake Geneva every summer. We have lots of fun going on picnics in the woods. And also bathing in the lake and rowing. My brother and I have a buycicle; we have fun in riding it.

We have three horses and two colts; the horses are "Tom," "Nellie," and "Captain Jinks." The latter is a race-horse. "Mora" is the older colt's name; it is one of the best colts in Ohio. The other colt is not named yet. "Nellie" is the name of its mother. Nellie is very gentle; we ride her horseback and drive her all around town. Well, good-by. Your friend, LOUISE M. B—.

CHILLICOTHE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here is a letter from one of your grown-up children, for I have several bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, subscribed for for me as a child, and still often used both by myself and by my children—two boys, one nine and the other twelve years of age.

After marriage I renewed my subscription because I missed you. When the babies came, first they enjoyed the pictures, then I read what they could understand and had the numbers bound. The source of endless enjoyment the magazines have been since the boys could read for themselves I cannot express.

May you live always!

I will tell you of a clever trick I saw this summer; it may be interesting to your little readers. B—.

A BIRD STORY.

A LITTLE robin was being taught to fly by its parents; attempting too great a distance, it fell to the ground in the middle of the street on which I live. My little boy caught it; I told him to bring it to me. Taking it up-stairs, I put it out on the roof of the front porch. "Now," said I, "we will see if they will give another 'flying lesson!'" "What do you think happened? After the old birds fluttered about awhile, they went off and I really feared had forgotten the young one. But not so. Here come three robins; they go direct to the roof. Two of them hold a piece of twine by the ends; the nestling grasps the center and off they go, but as they start we see why the third bird came, for it flies directly under the young bird, supporting it on its back.

Don't you think they were smart birds?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I went to Quebec last summer, and while I was there I went to St. Anne's. It is twenty miles from Quebec. People who have been sick for years go there and are said to come out well and strong. Our landlady told mama that a friend of hers from the United States came to Quebec and went to St. Anne's; she was so sick she had to be carried there; when she came home she walked and was well. In front of the church are two pillars reaching to the top of the church, and these are filled with crutches from big ones to babies' crutches. In going there I saw the falls of Montmorenci, which are higher than Niagara. In Quebec we went to the House of Parliament and heard the people talking French. It seems so strange that in a country that has been under English rule for one hundred and thirty years that almost all the people speak French. Even the little children speak it too. Good-by. Your loving little reader, ELEANOR S. H—.

NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl living at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

My father is a naval officer on duty here. We live in the grounds, and our house commands a fine view of the harbor and of Chesapeake Bay beyond.

We girls have fine times playing, and our favorite game is Hare and Hounds.

Every boy and girl should know this game, for it is splendid.

I enjoy the foot-ball Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, when the cadets play against some out-of-town team.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS, I do enjoy you so much, and so do my two little sisters. I have read everything in your magazine for the last year. I like all your stories, but

"Lady Jane," "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," and "Chan Ok" are my favorites.

I have not said anything about Annapolis, which is an old historic place, you know, but my letter is already long enough.

Your devoted reader,

KATHERINE P—.

PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I hope you will publish this letter about the Tower of London, which I think was the most interesting thing I saw when I was abroad this summer. I saw the room where the crown jewels are kept; also the Armory, St. John's and St. Peter's chapels, Beauchamp tower, and the dungeons, through which we were taken by a very fat old beef-eater, who, after he had taken us through many dark and narrow passages, calmly remarked that "the people imprisoned there did not have a very pleasant time." Your devoted reader,

KATHARINE P. H—.

LA PORTE, IND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am the youngest of three children who have taken you for three years. I read you, and like you very much.

About three years ago I went to Colorado; I had a very nice time there, too. I climbed the mountains, and once mama and I were taking a nap in our room, and mama woke up and went down-stairs, and they all went to climb the mountains, and left only grandpa and me there alone. When I woke up I asked grandpa where the folks were; he said they were out climbing the mountains. I told him I was going too, and when I got half-way up I saw them 'way above me, so I tried to climb up the side of the mountain, but I could n't do it, so I commenced to cry, and the folks thought it was some little boy or girl lost on the mountain back of them. At last they looked down and saw me there. They sent the boys home with me. Yours truly,

LAURA S—.

STRAWBERRY HILL, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before. I live near to London. My little brother and I like the "Brownies" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" best of all your stories.

I am eleven years old, and I am the editress of a magazine called *The Gosling*. All my cousins and friends write for it. I am yours truly,

AGNES E. B—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twin sisters, aged fifteen, and last winter was spent in travels in Europe. We visited the most interesting points in London, among which were the Tower, National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, British Museum, Houses of Parliament, and St. Paul's Cathedral. While in London we both received presents of small gold lockets with "London" engraved upon them, also our names underneath, for mementos, as we were to gather such from every place of interest.

In Paris we made the ascent of the Eiffel Tower, early one morning.

We then journeyed to Switzerland, and high up among the Alps, at a queer little hut, we made our abode for the night. The next morning we started, on our donkeys, the guide leading us along the easiest places down the rocky path. The queer things in Berne amused us very much, and to remember that place we collected small pictures of the wayside taverns and parks.

Italy we enjoyed most of all. In Venice we spent most of the time in rowing and noticing the natural way in which the children took to the water. For a remem-

brance from Venice we got small miniatures of the gondolas, cut in coral. In Rome, the guide took us through many ruins of noted castles. The huge stones lay in crumbled masses, and we were allowed to pick up some, upon which we had our names and the date chiseled.

On our way back we spent a week in Berlin, visiting the most important places. Wishing you prosperity, we remain,
ASALITA AND VALERIE D—.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My brother took *Our Young Folks* until you were first issued, and I have taken you ever since.

I attend the Milwaukee College, and enjoy it very much. I live up at the bank of Lake Michigan, in a red house. I can see the lake all day. I enjoy most watching the sun rise out of the lake.

We have a large, black horse, and he takes us for the most beautiful rides. I so wish you, dear ST. NICHOLAS, might be with us.

My uncle, who was the minister to Japan some years ago, brought us many quaint and beautiful things, one of which is a black table with gold lacquer work on it.

FAITH VAN V—.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Two years ago my mother, brother, and myself were in Europe and went to the Paris Exposition, which was very beautiful.

My uncle, who was then in Paris, took me to see the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte, and many other beautiful things.

Summer before last I was in Washington; I saw the Capitol, White House, the Treasury, and Navy Department, the Declaration of Independence, and the Sword of George Washington. I went up to the top of Washington Monument, from which there was a lovely view.

Your loving reader,
LAURA Y. G—.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl of eleven years, and go to school at the Milwaukee College.

I have two turtles, each the size of a fifty-cent piece, and they are very cunning. I have had them all sum-

mer, and they are quite tame. They eat flies and bugs mostly. I keep them in a long tin bath-tub, with sand at the bottom and leaves at one end for them to sleep in. They are very pretty and intelligent. Whenever I feed them, they stick their heads out of the water and open their mouths. Your constant reader,
E. B—.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for one year. I like you very much.

I am eight years old. I have been to Washington, Baltimore, Maryland, all over the battle-field of Gettysburg and the cemetery in which the soldiers are buried.

I like "Chan Ok: A Romance of the Eastern Seas," "Toby Trafford," and the "Tee-Wahn Folk-Stories."

Your loving friend,
ROGER RAE R—.

RAMONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are twin brothers, Freddie and Percy, and live on an orange-ranch, in California, near the home of "Ramona." We each have a bronco pony and a rifle, and ride many miles each day in search of coyotes. The Government gives us five dollars for each wolf's scalp. We each have six greyhounds, and are very successful in hunting rabbits. We will now give you a piece of poetry we composed, and if our letter is too long, please publish our poetry:

Freddie and Percy are two gay Spanish boys,

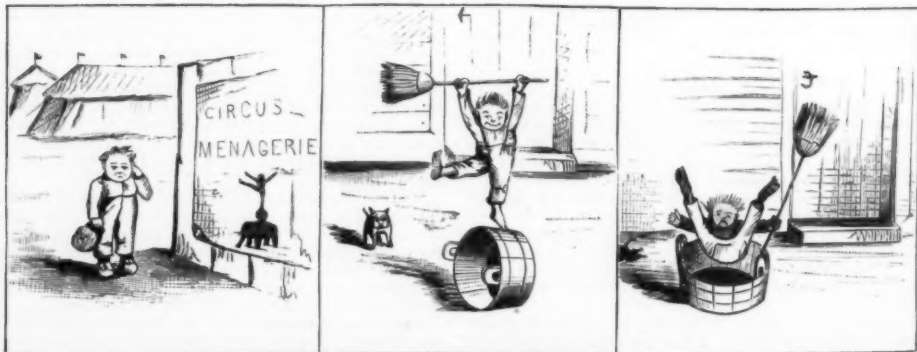
Who are exceedingly fond of tomares;

They have guns and toys and their sorrows and joys,

And their father's name is Gonzales.

FRED AND PERCY.

We thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Marjorie H., "Pinkie," Léonie W. W., Anna St. J., Judith S. R., Marie V. P., W. H. H., Elsy, Clara J., Julia S. J., Katharine T. W., Irma K., M. H., Jean H. V., Rebecca W. B., Katharine E. F., Ida S., Edwin W. J.



THE EVIL EFFECTS OF A CIRCUS POSTER.

THE RIDDLE BOX

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS. Twelfth Night. 1. Be-ate-n. 2. Brown-ed. 3. Al-leg-e. 4. St-all-age. 5. S-of-ly. 6. Sho-ute-d. 7. Pari-she-s. 8. S-end-ing. 9. S-pin-et. 10. Man-age-s. 11. See-the-d. 12. Cur-ate-s.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Jalap. 2. Agape. 3. Lares. 4. Apeak. 5. Pesky. II. 1. Draft. 2. Rider. 3. Adieu. 4. Feels. 5. Trust.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, gonfalon; finals, gonfalon. Cross-words: 1. Gang. 2. Ohio. 3. Noon. 4. Fief. 5. Anna. 6. Loon. 7. Ohio. 8. Nain.

A GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Urban. 2. Rhino. 3. Bison. 4. Anode. 5. Nones. II. 1. Redan. 2. Erato. 3. Damon. 4. Atone. 5. Nones. III. 1. Nones. 2. Ovolio. 3. Novel. 4. Elev. 5. Soles. IV. 1. Soles. 2. Ovale. 3. Lathe. 4. Ether. 5. Sects. V. 1. Soles. 2. Opera. 3. Lemon. 4. Erode. 5. Saner.

To our PUZZLES: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Paul Reese — Maude E. Palmer — L. O. E. — "The McG.s" — Ida Carleton Thallon — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — "The Peterkins" — "Wee" — Hubert L. Bingay — Alice Mildred Blanke and sister — Gertrude Laverack — "The Wise Five" — "Uncle Mung" — "Dad and Bill" — "Leather-stocking" — E. Kellogg Trowbridge — Jo and I — "The Spencers" — Helen C. McCleary — M. L. M. and C. E. M. — Josephine Sherwood — "Queen Anso IV."

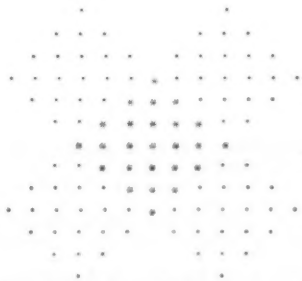
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Henry Martin Rochester, 1 — Helen H. Patten, 2 — Jennie D., 3 — Mabel Ganson, 1 — Minnie Walton, 1 — Alice V. Faquhar, 2 — Mary Lee Warren, 1 — Elizabeth A. Adams, 1 — E. M. B., 1 — Elaine S., 2 — Lizzie W. Valk, 1 — Grace Shirley, 1 — Van, 1 — Olive Gale, 1 — Marna and Clara, 1 — Pauline Miller, 1 — F. L. Andrews and H. G. Clarke, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 4 — Margaret Otis, 1 — Beth, 1 — Arthur Williams, 1 — Carrie G. M., 1 — "Oregon," 5 — Stephen O. Hawkins, 10 — Isa Stearns, 1 — M. S. Garver, 1 — G. A. H. and C. L. C., 2 — Jessie M. King, 1 — "One of the A. S.," 1 — A. R. M. and A. J., 1 — Russell Mount, 2 — Anna St. John, 2 — Bessie Rhoads, 3 — Margie Bradrick, 1 — Louise and Peg, 1 — "May and '79," 2 — Nellie Archer, 3 — "Chiddingstone," 10 — Jessie Chapman, 8 — Ella J. Mendon, 1 — Harry and Mama, 8 — "Ed. and Papa," 1 — "We Uns," 5 — Clara and Emma, 4 — Edith and Queen Frederick, 2 — Ida and Alice, 10 — Mama and Charlie, 2 — Mama and Marion, 4 — Agnes C. Leaycraft, 1 — Franz L., 5 — E. M. G., 10 — "Only I," 1 — Gwen and Brian, 10 — E. K., 1 — "Santa Claus and A.," 1 — Blanche and Fred, 10 — "Puss," 1 — "Theos.," 3 — Auntie and Ed, 1 — Alice M. Lennan, 1 — Alice Goddard Waldo, 1.

RHOMBOLD.

ACROSS: 1. A measure of weight. 2. A kind of type. 3. To exercise for discipline. 4. A short treatise. 5. Keenly desirous.

DOWNWARD: 1. In rhomboid. 2. Aloft. 3. Clear of all charges and deductions. 4. Management. 5. To efface. 6. A feminine name. 7. A small horse. 8. A pronoun. 9. In rhomboid. M. A. S.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In slant. 2. To carve. 3. To make a short, sharp sound. 4. Instruction. 5. Attempted. 6. A capsule of a plant. 7. In slant.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In slant. 2. To unite with needle and thread. 3. Place. 4. Neces-

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Stephen; finals, Decatur. Crosswords: 1. Squid. 2. Thistle. 3. Epic. 4. Pagoda. 5. Helmet. 6. Emu. 7. Number.

PI. A flower unblown; a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade 'neath silent skies;
A wondrous fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed: —
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond to-morrow's mystic gates.

HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

NOVEL WORD-SQUARE. Anna, noon, noon, Anna.

sary. 5. A thin cake. 6. One half of the fruit of the durio. 7. In slant.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In slant. 2. A slight moisture. 3. An ancient Celtic priest. 4. Not decided or pronounced. 5. Telegraphed. 6. A disrespectful name for a parent. 7. In slant.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In slant. 2. In what manner. 3. Damp. 4. Existing in name only. 5. Tempestuous. 6. A period of time. 7. In slant.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In slant. 2. A gentle blow with the hand. 3. Fixes the time of. 4. Pertaining to the side. 5. A small fruit. 6. To speak. 7. In slant. M. A. S.

ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter, will spell a name often given to Horatio Nelson.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A row or rank. 2. A buzzing sound. 3. To assist. 4. A masculine name. 5. Equable. 6. The fleur-de-lis. 7. A musical instrument. 8. To cheat. 9. To lift. 10. To stop. 11. A reverberation. 12. A plant beloved by Welshmen. 13. A protuberance. 14. To scoff. 15. To baffle. 16. A cupola. D.

ANAGRAM.

A DISTINGUISHED American:
MUSES, ALL JEWELS ROLL. W. S. R.

s.
o
A

n-
A
of

or;
ok.
ro.
A
gu-
ple.
,

ing.

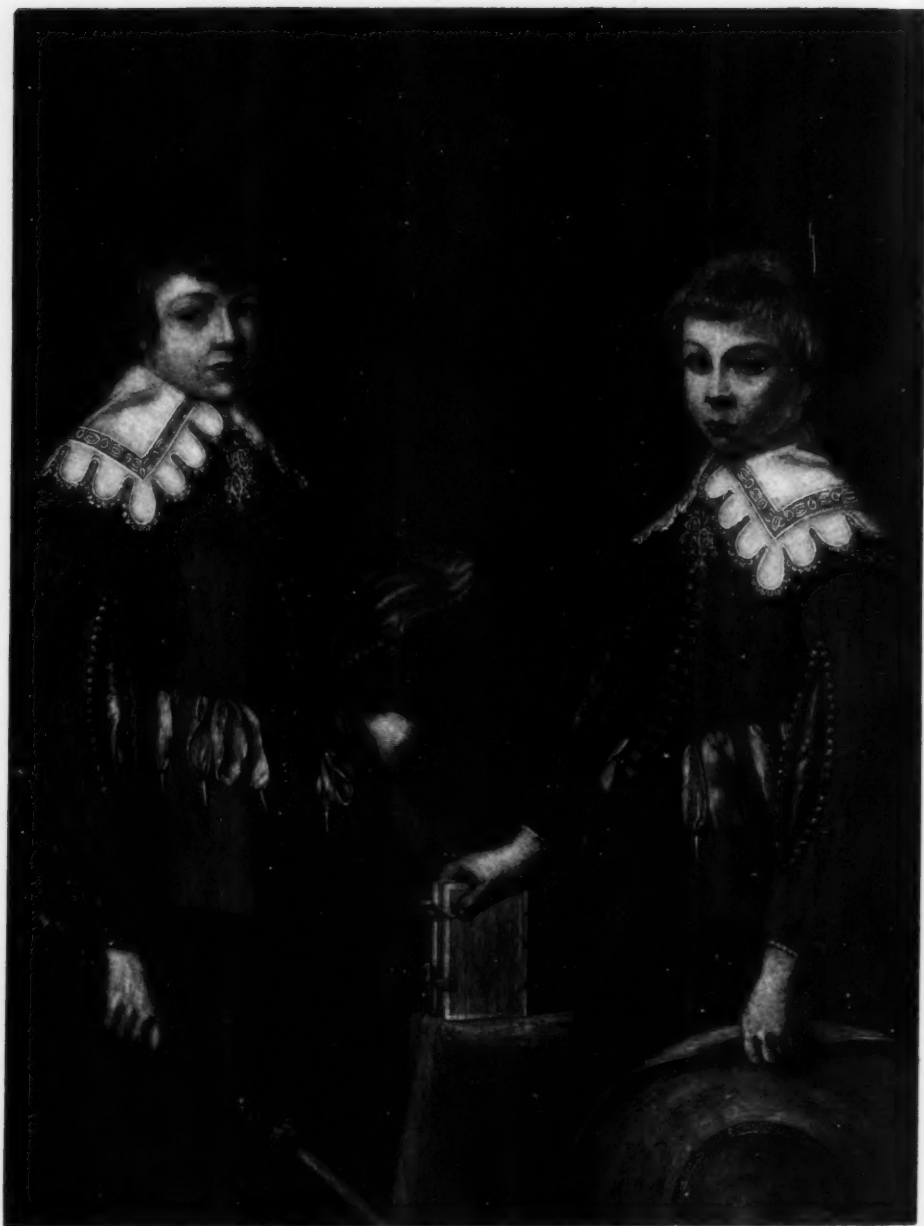
2.

2.
A

Part

small
and

main.
t."



TWO BOYS OF HOLLAND.

ENGRAVED FOR ST. NICHOLAS BY T. JOHNSON FROM A PAINTING BY CUYT, OWNED BY MR. C. T. BARNEY, NEW YORK.

V
a
de
bo
sh
gl
int
an
sid
fro
a s
thi
dli
or
swi
pos
I
sea
bre
int
suc
to
men
rea
two
thro